

In Advance

THE CONTINENT

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE



LEADING FEATURES.

"ART IN THE WEST." By Will O. Bates.

With many illustrations by noted artists.

"HIS SECOND WIFE." By the author of
The Fate of Madame La Tour.

Marion Harland's "JUDITH."

Helen Campbell's "WHAT-TO-DO CLUB."

A. W. Tourgée on "Ogontz," "The Family
freshman," etc.

VOL IV No 84

Sept. 19.

1883

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 A YEAR.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

36 SELEVENTH ST. COR. CHESTNUT 23. PARK ROW



SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

In 20 Numbers, of Superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.

CONTENTS--September 19, 1883.

Art in the West, <i>Will O. Bates.</i> 353	The Close of a Rainy Day. Poem. <i>Nathan Haskell Dole.</i> 373
Illustrations: "Fragment of 'A Perplexing Point,'" John W. Dunsmore; "Early Morning in the Spring," H. Bolton Jones; "Please Buy," Percival de Lucs; "Portrait," Kenyon Cox; "Alexander at Persepolis," Robert Hinckley; "Afternoon on the French Coast," Harry Chase; "The Diver," C. T. Webber; "The Pink of (Old) Fashion," Wm. H. Lippincott; "Study," Miss C. A. Lord; "The Troubadour," F. de Thulstrup; "Study," J. H. Sharp; "Landscape," W. Hamilton Gibson; "Silent," H. F. Farny; "Specimens from the Matt Morgan Pottery."	His Second Wife, <i>Cornelia Paddock.</i> 375
Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. Chapters XVII, XVIII. <i>Marion Harland.</i> 363	Migma, <i>Editorial.</i> 379
The What-to-Do Club. Chapter XL <i>Helen Campbell.</i> 370	To be Continued—The Cosmopolis—His Just Due—A Good Subject—Ogontz—The Family Freshman—The Noble Letter-Writer.
Dusk. Poem. <i>Clarence T. Urry.</i> 372	The Bookshelf, 381
	A Washington Winter—The English Poets.
	New Books, 384
	In Lighter Vein, 384

Forthcoming Numbers of The Continent

Will Contain, among other interesting Features:

1. The Tenants of An Old Farm—Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist. By Dr. **HENRY C. McCOOK.** Fully illustrated by JAMES C. BEARD, DANIEL C. BEARD, and others.
2. Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. By **MARION HARLAND.** Illustrated by W. L. SHEPPARD and A. B. FROST.
3. The What-to-Do Club. A Story for Girls. By **HELEN CAMPBELL.**
4. Continuation of "Belinda," a novel by **RHODA BROUGHTON,** author of "Good-by, Sweet-heart," "Red as a Rose is She," etc., published in THE CONTINENT by special arrangement.
5. Other illustrated articles, with the Regular Departments.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: Authors sending contributions to THE CONTINENT will further their own interests by inclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to inclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching THE CONTINENT, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

Address all communications to

THE CONTINENT,

No. 36 South Eleventh Street, Cor. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

THE CONTINENT

Copyright, 1883, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

Vol. IV. No. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1883.

Whole No. 84.



FRAGMENT OF "A PERPLEXING POINT"—JOHN W. DUNSMORE, BOSTON.

ART IN THE WEST.

To many, doubtless, the title of this paper will seem a paradox. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Let such remember that wherever there are human hearts and hopes there are human ideals, and that art is the struggle to express the ideal life, whatever that may be. With timidity and self-depreciation as yet, with entire acceptance of alien authority and training, there are, perforce, influences and aspirations existent in the West which must finally work out an art life in sympathy with the soil, its climate and its inhabitants—an art that will differ from every other just as this energetic, ambitious, thoroughly practical, and yet deeply sentimental, people differs from all others. Just what the distinctiveness of that art will be it is difficult now to say, while its pioneers are yet struggling to harmonize the teachings and influences of Paris and Munich with the supream instincts of their own souls and the

subtle leadings of the earth and air around them, and while its perfect exponents are, perhaps, still studying color as an accidental concomitant of soap-bubbles and form as incidentally expressed in mud-pies. For the benefit of those who care to speculate from what is upon that which is to be, a brief and very imperfect account of some of the men and influences now at work in the West is subjoined. If it seems a very miscellaneous and heterogeneous list, the reader will please to remember that it is merely taking stock of a small part of the building material, most of it yet in the rough, and congratulate himself if he gets a glimpse of the excavations for the structure amidst the outlying débris.

As this paper will be mostly concerned with the art collections in connection with two Western industrial expositions, it may be well to premise the belief that these mixed exhibitions have had a potent educating



"EARLY MORNING IN THE SPRING"—H. BOLTON JONES, N. Y.

influence in leading the masses up to an appreciation of art work. Therefore, in most Western cities, the art exhibition, pure and simple, can hardly stand on its merits alone; but every year it is becoming a more and more important factor of those vast industrial displays where the applied arts are beginning to show the excellent influence of such "high" company. If the county agricultural fair was the precursor of the industrial exposition, so its collection of apochryphal landscapes in chromo-lithography, corkscrew eagles by "professors" of penmanship, bad copies in graphite of worse steel engravings, painfully-elaborated patch-work quilts and highly-ornate dogs in worsted, was the forerunner of the art department of the Western exposition, still somewhat heterogeneous in components, but always having some good work, and yearly becoming more choice, and discriminating more carefully between the work of pretentious foreign artists and meritorious American pictures. There has been encouraging growth toward an appreciation of and preference for the work of our own artists, without doubt greatly influenced by their increasing strength and originality. The early exhibitions were largely composed of loans from private collections, which were, in the main, the work of foreign artists. Now the foreign picture is the exception, and the collections come mostly from the studios of American artists direct, which certainly must tend to a true popularization and understanding of art by the people. Shall not our own flesh and blood, breathing the air we breathe, and drinking in the beauty of our own skies and mountains, and types of female loveliness, more appealingly and sympathetically speak to us the language of art truth than those which are of necessity alien to these influences?

In speaking of this improvement in the character of local art displays I have had specially in mind that longest established, the one at Cincinnati, now in its eleventh year, where those evidences of growth have been peculiarly apparent. The art collection in connection with the exposition now open at Louisville, represents, with characteristic Southern luxuriance and fondness for the *too much*, an earlier stage in this development. It is largely made up of loan collections. It includes pictures by several famous foreign artists—Turner, Jacque, Gérôme, Corot, Bouguereau, Meissonier, Jean Paul Laurens, Munkacsy and others—most of them unimportant examples, however. There are also some very good pictures by French and Polish artists less widely known. About a third of the space is devoted to the American Art Union collection, which, if it has not accomplished all that was hoped for it, is yet a step in the right direction. There are a few really excellent pictures direct from the studios of some of the best American artists. A few marbles, pretty and weak, and a miscellaneous but interesting lot of artistic driftwood, Sevres vases, the Sheridan tapestries, curios from General Grant's trip around the world, pottery from James R. Keene's collection, etc., complete the list. There are only a few water-colors in the collection. It occupies a plain brick building, built in the form of a Greek cross, in the handsome private park of Mr. B. Dupont. The *bric-à-brac* is very well arranged, but the hanging of the pictures leaves much to be desired, size rather than merit having too often been considered. There is a compensating exception made, however, in the case of Charles Hermans' enormous Police Gazette cartoon, "Bal Masque," which is hung just across the entrance, and so high that many persons do not see it at all. Of the work by American artists Charles Sprague Pearce's "A Water Carrier," awarded the third medal in last year's Salon, is one of the best and most pleasing. It is quite a large canvas and almost square. A winding pathway descends through a green field, the horizon line being placed near the top of the picture. In the right of the immediate foreground is a beautiful young peasant woman, carrying a massive jar in either hand. There is no suggestion of heaviness in the modeling of her strong and robust figure, and the face is sweet and sensitive. The tender greens of the background are laid on with admirable breadth and crispness. H. F. Farny's "Last Vigil," painted in 1881, is a picture possessing special interest, not alone on account of its being a striking subject, boldly and unconventionally handled, with a deeply-conceived vein of sentiment, but because it was the first product of the artist's determination to devote himself thenceforward to the pictorial perpetuation of the aboriginal life of the Western plains, so rapidly disappearing before the inexorable oncoming of the white settlers. Mr. Farny, alone of American artists, seems to have taken up the specific task set for himself by the gifted young St. Louis painter, Carl Wimar, who died in 1863, just when he was beginning to make some use of the invaluable material he had collected by much association with the Indians and study of their character and habits. The "Last Vigil" is rather a prophecy, an aspiration, than a finished example of Mr. Farny's treatment of Indian subjects, as at the time it was painted he had not that familiarity with the life of the plains which subsequent excursions have supplied. A more intensely dramatic conception than that of the desolate old squaw.



"PLEASE BUY!"—PERCIVAL DE LUCE, NEW YORK.

watching, amid snow and darkness, at the foot of the scaffold tomb of her husband, might be long sought in vain. There is the mournful destiny and the splendid fortitude of a race in the strong impassiveness of her countenance. The artist owes it to the world to repaint this picture with all the strength which his later experience has brought him. Something of the difference of his later manner may be seen in the spirited water-color, "Sioux Camp at the Medicine Butte." Outside of the Art Union collection, there are notably few American pictures, and candor compels the confession that of the Union pictures few are notably American. I do not care for Mr. Bierstadt's volcanic voluminosity, and it seems to me Mr. Beard's quaint animal conceits would look more in place as black-and-white illustrations to

the Uncle Remus stories than masquerading in oil. Both Mr. Twachtman and Mr. Bellows are represented well, though in small, and, as a consequence, they are crowded down next to the base-board. A. H. Wyant has two charming little landscapes. One of the best things in the Union collection is the joint picture of children lost in the woods, by McEntee and Johnson.

Outside of the Union wing the only other pictures by American artists that caught my eye were the "Comrade's Appeal," by Mulvany, of Louisville, dark and dramatic, not to say theatrical, in effect; C. T. Webber's "Tosso Visited by Pan," an excellent portrait of a noted violinist, which deserves better than to be skyed; and Miss Louise McLaughlin's "Rest," good in character, if not altogether original. Among the foreign

painters I am perhaps committing the unpardonable sin in saying that I was not greatly interested in Turner's faded "Conway Castle," or Munkacsy's corpse-like "Christ." Courtat's "Hagar and Ishmael" possesses a strong human interest, and is well painted, while E. Renouf's "Helping Hand," which is given the place of honor in the hall, has the human interest without being very well painted. However, it is good in action, and the contrast between the grizzly old salt and the sweet-faced, fair-haired child, adding her small weight to the oar with such serious intentness of purpose, is strongly brought out. The Poles are well represented, whether by Karlovski-Berci's "Studio Interior," beautifully flat and pure in its tones; Kowalski's winter landscape, or Chelmonski's sleighing party. In the last mentioned the violent action of the horse is superbly rendered. In Carl Becker's "Romeo and Juliet" one gets an impression that the artist has painted from models direct, and given his most absorbed attention to the exact reproduction of their costumes. There is no soul, no Shakspeare, in the picture. Nor has Benjamin Constant's "Othello" much Shakspeare in it, but it is good color and decoratively pleasing. Note the strong family likeness of Desdemona to Brabantio. But there is a soul in Jean Paul Laurens' "Honorius" (Emperor at Rome 397 to 425 A.D.)—the soul of a weakling and a craven. How superbly the artist has indicated this in the overshadowing importance of the splendid robe, the flashing jewels and the imperial insignia, over-large for the puny grasp, the nerveless feet dangling above the footstool! You see everything in the picture before the face. It impresses you as of one having just enough strength to know he has none, and seeking concealment of his weakness behind a mask. It is negation personified. Looking at it one can understand why the Goths and Vandals came down and the empire went to pieces unchecked.

Taken for all in all, the collection is an interesting one. If it does not exclude a good many pictures whose room would be preferable to their company, it certainly does include a number that would do honor to any gallery. It forms, beyond question, the most attractive feature of the Southern Exposition, and the Louisville

people are pardonably proud of it. Their local papers have printed columns upon columns of gush on the subject, but at the time this article is written (nearly a month after the opening of the exposition) the catalogue is still in the hands of the printer.

A display not made in connection with the art department, but one which possesses genuine artistic merits and the additional recommendation of being the result of a novel enterprise due to Louisville liberality, is that of the Williamson bronze tiles and etched brasses for household decoration. The designs have the freedom and sharpness of clay modeling, but are delicately cast in imperishable bronze. They are intended to be used for mantel facings, inlaying cabinets, paneled walls, dados, etc., the rich, dark tone of the metal harmonizing well with that of most native woods.

The art collection of this year's Cincinnati Industrial Exposition is a far more homogeneous affair. It is the result of a new departure in the management of the department, by which a man with practical knowledge of art matters has been placed in charge. Hitherto its destinies have been regulated in fact, as they still are in theory, by a committee of

citizens, as notable for their eminently respectable social and business standing as for their complete innocence of any but the vaguest information or judgment regarding the arts known as fine. It does not necessarily follow that shrewd tact or a comfortable balance in bank qualifies its possessor to judge of the correctness of a foreshortening, or decide the claims of rival colorists. However, the man who has the money to buy a picture is very apt to think he knows what picture to buy. But—*careat*



"PORTRAIT"—KENYON COX, CINCINNATI.



"ALEXANDER AT PERSEPOLIS"—ROBERT HINCKLEY, BOSTON. (SALON, 1882.)

emtor—he sometimes finds it a more difficult matter to induce others to buy upon his judgment; and so it has frequently come about, either from the neglect of those in charge—if there was any one in charge—or the distrust of buyers, that the sales of pictures were very small. Consequently, it has become more and more difficult every year to induce artists to send their pictures where there was so little likelihood of sales being made. Then, too, the delicate and difficult task of hanging the pictures secured has been sometimes performed in a manner to fill the average artist with a deep

disgust for the judgment of the average art committee-man. Generally the local artists have been quite ignored in either the management of the department or the hanging of its exhibits. One year, when most of the good pictures were systematically skyed (including some of the best work of Chase and Duveneck and the only example of Gabriel Max ever shown in Cincinnati), a resident painter gave expression to his feelings upon the subject by bringing a step-ladder into the gallery and carefully ignoring everything hung upon the line! But we have changed all that. This spring, Mr. Emery



"AFTERNOON ON THE FRENCH COAST"—HARRY CHASE, NEW YORK.



"THE DIVER"—C. T. WEBBER, CINCINNATI.

H. Barton, a local dealer in pictures and himself skilled in some of the decorative arts, a man of experience, taste and wide personal acquaintance among artists, was made superintendent of the art gallery, and in company with Mr. W. H. Bellows, an associate commissioner, spent some weeks among the Eastern artists, and secured consignments of pictures from many of the best known and strongest of them: this upon the distinct understanding that he would himself hang the pictures and be in personal attendance at the gallery during the exposition, using his best legitimate efforts to effect sales. Undoubtedly this assurance went farther toward getting a good class of pictures than the agreement of the exposition authorities to buy two thousand dollars' worth of those exhibited by American artists, the sum not being large enough to prove an overwhelming inducement.

I believe most of the artists represented who visit this exhibition will be satisfied with the way their pic-

tures are hung and with the company they are invited to keep. The collection is almost as specifically representative of the younger school of American artists as if it did not include an occasional conscript father, a few choice pictures by the coming men abroad, and a "what-is-it" or two. There are, in round numbers, some four hundred oils, one hundred and fifty water-colors, an equal number of etchings, and quite a collection of architectural drawings. Mr. Barton has also inaugurated a decorative department, *à la* Tiffany-La Farge, where art in its application to household adornment, window draping, etc., is illustrated by selected fabrics and *bric-à-brac* from the studios of metropolitan decorators.

The place of honor in the main hall is very properly given to Robert Hinckley's mammoth historical painting, "Alexander at Persepolis." Alexander the Great, arriving at Persepolis, drinks to excess at a banquet, and, the conversation turning upon the cruelty of the

Persians in Greece, he is urged by Thais, an Athenian courtesan, to revenge the repeated slaughters, at the same time suggesting the means in the proffer of a lighted torch. The guests shout their approval of the proposition, and the king, arising, advances to execute the drunken exploit of firing the city. Mr. Hinckley has creditably achieved what neither our American artists nor authors seem very fond of attempting—a carefully-sustained and elaborate historical study. The varying emotions which Alexander's purpose calls out are strongly depicted in the faces and attitudes of those present as guests and spectators. The approval of the dissolute old Roman reclining with his paramour on the right, is strikingly expressive of a general fondness for cruelty and rapine, while there is the animus of a personal hatred in the elan with which Thais raises her threatening torch on high. The figure of Alexander is well-poised and his attitude highly dramatic, but I like best the expressive face and eloquent action of the woman in the central foreground. Admiration, affright and jealousy are marvelously mingled. The picture was shown in last year's Salon and in the National Academy Exhibition this season. It is essentially a gallery picture, and would be a valuable acquisition to the Cincinnati Art Museum. The only other extra large canvas is the "Battle of Lexington" (17 by 13½ feet), at the opposite end of the hall, by A. H. Bicknell, of Boston, whose monotypes are so well known. The figures are of life-size. In the centre stands the typical embattled farmer, and about him are grouped others, too evidently painted from the same model, while the red-coats advance from the right. The tender green of the early spring grass and foliage relieves somewhat the dark



"STUDY"—MISS C. A. LORD, CINCINNATI.

central band of the picture, but the final effect is sombre and heavy. It is painted carefully, but in rather an old-fashioned manner. Near it upon the left is Simonetti's \$10,000 picture, "Proclamation in Front of the Pantheon." Roman Catholicism has received few sharper thrusts than the contrast between the solemn demeanor and robes of state of the ancient functionaries and the wild mirth and ridicule of the dirty and ragged gamins by whom they are surrounded. It is exquisitely painted. E. H. Blashfield's "Minute Men" is one of the strongest pictures in the room, as he is one of the strongest New York painters. It is specially good in textures and composition. R. N. Brooke's "First Frost"—a colored woman bearing a barrel of fagots on her shoulder, while her child, carrying an armload of the same, looks confidently up into her face—is a strongly-painted picture, with a good share of homely sentiment in it. A. H. Wyant, whom many regard as the landscape painter of America, is represented by two canvases, namely, "From the Glengariff Road to Killarney," and "An Adirondaek Brook," in both of which his beautifully simple and sympathetic handling of color is well shown. Kenyon Cox has a panel full-length portrait of Henry L. Fry, a well-known Cincinnati wood carver, in which the personal peculiarities of the subject are pushed almost to the limit of caricature. It is painted in monochrome, with the exception of the face and the Chinese lantern, in the upper right-hand corner, and in boldness and spirit is a striking example of the strength and originality of this promising young Cincinnati artist. Quite akin in spirit and execution is Joseph De Camp's portrait of his father. Gray tones have seldom been better employed than by these two artists. Mr. De Camp is a young Cincinnati artist, an ardent admirer and disciple of Duveneck, who has recently settled in Cleveland. Harry Chase sends two marine views, in both of which the water is superbly painted. He has a marvelous faculty of putting paint just where it is to stay, without weakening or worrying the



"THE PINK OF (OLD) FASHION"—WILLIAM H. LIPPINCOTT, N. Y.



"THE TROUBADOUR"—T. DE THULSTRUP, NEW YORK.

initial effect. "The Convent Composer," the well-known picture by Walter Satterlee, of New York, is a striking feature of the exhibit in the main hall. I must confess to an absolute fascination in the face of the sea nymph in "The Fisher," by L. Preusser, of Dresden. It is like the song of the lorelei maid, "sweet with a deadly spell." J. G. Brown's "Collection of Antiques," four old men in conversation, will probably strike a popular chord. Elizabeth Gardner's portrait of ex-Governor Noyes is careful and refined in expression, if not specially strong. There are two female heads by A. Asti, an Italian artist resident in Cincinnati, which are executed with admirable spirit and expression. "Hollyhocks," by K. H. Greatorex, is a spirited flower piece, with high but pleasing and harmonious color. In Frank Millet's charming little female head, "Lolla," the light flesh tints of the arms and neck are displayed against a delicate sea-green background with excellent effect. Dora Wheeler's "Grief," a crouching, black-robed female figure, silhouetted through a window against the fading light of an evening sky, is better in idea than in execution, and

would be quite as well expressed in black and white. Annie G. Sykes' study head has excellent qualities of breadth and strength for a beginner. Mr. Farny's "Silence" is a souvenir of his childhood among the Alleghanias, and, like his distemper picture, "The Hill Behind the Old School-House," has a fine feeling for the geological skeleton of the land, as well as much of that indefinable sadness characteristic of nature's twilight moods. Of two large pictures of Niagara in the collection, of course the more notable is William M. Hunt's famous \$25,000 canvas, which occupies the place of honor in the south room. The other is by N. F. Halsall, of Boston. Mr. Hunt also exhibits "The Bathers" and his portrait of Lincoln. "Arcades," a scene from "Paradise Lost," by Will H. Low, of New York, is an exquisite specimen of decorative work. The drawing of the figures is something to admire unreservedly. One of the curiosities of the collection is a large Madonna and cupids, from the collection of Archbishop Purcell, said to have been presented to a cardinal by Napoleon I, and attributed to Rubens. It is not in Rubens' best manner. In "A Summer Gale in the Bay of Fundy," by Prosper L. Senat, of Philadelphia, the translucent greens of the sea and the wave action have been carefully studied and happily caught. The artist has several good pictures in the collection. Other notable pictures by Philadelphia artists in this room are "Alone," by F. F. de Crano, specially good in light and shade, and "A Chapter from the Koran," by William Sartain, very rich in color. A quaint little landscape after the manner of the old masters, by A. P. Ryder, is very taking in its rich tones and semi-luminous color. "Please Buy," a pretty flower girl with an appealingly sweet face, is by Percival De Luce, a promising young New York artist. "A Study Head," by Caroline A. Lord, was painted in the life class of the Cincinnati School of Design, under the instruction of George E. Hopkins, himself a pupil of Duveneck, and almost the only representative of the Munich school now in Cincinnati. The "Portrait of a Child," by Louis Ritter, another Munich student recently of Cincinnati, but now in Boston, is characterized by a singularly free and yet not unhappy use of red in costume and background.

The water-colors occupy two rooms, and are all hung upon the line, or so near it that they can all be seen to the best advantage. Beyond question the most striking thing in the collection—the sensation of the exhibition, in fact—is Alfred Brennan's full-length decorative drawing of Ellen Terry as "Camma." She is descending a step with uplifted arms and commanding mien. The action is highly dramatic, but puzzling, the question being as to what she is standing upon. She wears an olive-green robe with a light blue underdress. Behind her head, and cutting the whole upper third of the picture, is a vast yellow moon. It is just as well to call it a moon as anything else, but, as a matter of fact, it is simply a patch of color, which Mr. Brennan's decorative instinct demanded just where it is found, and which he leaves the puzzled spectator to explain in any way agreeable. Conundrums of that kind almost necessarily often arise from the artist's method of making a picture, which consists in putting together certain patches of harmonious color and then making up a story

to suit them. He also exhibits a smaller aquarelle, quite as puzzling in motive, entitled "Day." A female figure, with a strangely inscrutable face, holding symbols in her outstretched hands is floating up through space, as if by her own levitation. The arms and bust are beautifully modeled, but there is scarcely a hint of the lower limbs in the trailing folds of the mystic robe in which they are clothed. I suppose the idea is that she is rising out of chaos, and taking shape or materializing as she emerges, but I defy anybody to do more than guess at all the poet-decorator meant to convey. A broad band of bright blue breaks shrilly across the top of the picture, otherwise painted in very light and unobtrusive colors. Mr. Brennan has recently removed to Cincinnati, and taken the art directorship of the Rookwood Pottery, an accession to the artistic wealth and strength of the city hardly to be overestimated.

F. Hopkinson Smith, whose Venetian studies made such a sensation in New York and Boston last winter, is represented by a "View in Amsterdam." "Taking,

but a trifle tricky," says my mentor. W. Hamilton Gibson has two crisp and sparkling little landscapes. In the studio interior by John W. Dunsmore, en-

titled "A Perplexing Point," the color is rich and harmonious, and the pose of the figure spirited and speaking. The coat which the artist wears is painted with a sheen and snap of which the black and white illustration gives no hint. A monastery interior (illustrated in the June *Century*) by Henry Sandham, of Boston, and "A New England Harvest Time," by Alfred Parsons, are other notable water-colors in the collection. A sketch of an Italian peasant woman, by W. H. Drake, a young Cincinnati, is cleverly and boldly done. A black and white cartoon, "The Diver," by C. T. Webber, the genial Nestor of Cincinnati art, is a striking illustration from Schiller of some of that author's bizarre fancies about

subaqueous sights and sensations. It is quite in the spirit of the poet.

W. H. Lippincott's "Pink of (Old) Fashion" is one



"STUDY"—J. H. SHARP, CINCINNATI.



"BLOSSOM TIME"—W. HAMILTON GIBSON, NEW YORK.



"SILENCE"—H. F. FARNY, NEW YORK.

of the sweetest and daintiest of faces and figures, painted with a strength of modeling almost equal to that of oil colors. He has quite-caught the spirit of Allison's lines:

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow."

Mr. Lippincott has another small water-color, a study head, of a very pretty girl.

I cannot close an article bearing even incidentally upon Cincinnati art without an allusion to one of its most characteristic features—the potteries. Mr. Brennan has already inaugurated a revolution as radical as his own ideas in the shapes at the Rookwood, and will undoubtedly put new life and inspiration into Cincinnati ceramics. The art pottery started within the year by the liberality and enterprise of Mr. Matt Morgan has recently turned out some very pretty ware, a combination of underglaze and overglaze, arabesque and moresque in designs, and quite original in effect. Mr.

The illustrations for this article are selected from the illustrated catalogue of the Art Department of the Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition, published by O. Reich, Cincinnati.

Morgan's specific idea in pottery is the improvement in shape and decoration of the larger sort of utilitarian articles—flower-pots, umbrella-holders, etc.—rather than the manufacture of purely decorative pieces. Another of his artistic enterprises, the Artists' League School, resumes work September 15th, with some sixty pupils. Mr. Morgan guarantees the opportunities for an art education abroad to the student making the most progress in a two years' course of study in the League. I do not believe, in any city of these United States at the present writing, that there are three men who are doing so much to bring high art down to popular appreciation and enjoyment, to lend the aid of its beautiful radiance to the millions who never enter a picture gallery, than Messrs. Farny, Brennan and Morgan. Through his drawings for school-books and the illustrated magazines and weeklies, Mr. Farny has probably educated more eyes into correct art ideas than most young men, at least. To those who know how much an artist sacrifices of his own high ideal life in thus devoting his time and talents to utilitarian purposes, the popular debt of gratitude to such men will not seem small.

WILL O. BATES.



SPECIMENS FROM THE MATT MORGAN POTTERY.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIDNEY MACON could not alter the bent of his sister's will. He could, and he did, carry out his decision that she should go home with him when the business that had brought him to Richmond was finished.

"The naughty child will be no gooder in country than in town," she informed him, with the audacious vivacity she had maintained in his presence since the close of their one hot, bitter altercation. "Not that I mind being put into the corner and lectured by underlings. It amounts to nothing in the end. I appeal unto Cæsar. When did the blessed autocrat of Hunter's Rest refuse me anything?"

The Major had spent a whole forenoon writing a letter of unparalleled proportions to his ancient crony. Mr. Waring, as nobody but his betrothed knew at the time, had penned a formal petition to her father for the honor of Miss Harriet Macon's hand. Mrs. Dabney was never seen during the three days that remained of our visit, without a damp handkerchief in her fingers, usually at her eyes. The tip of her thin nose was a polished red, and her wobbling whine over the "sad, sad, sad affair," her "who-would-have-thought-its?" and incessant "I call all to witness that I was opposed to bringing the man inside of Christian doors," went far, I suspect, toward reconciling Harry to the return home in disgrace.

On the afternoon of the second day after the revelation that had shaken the peaceful household to the foundation-stone, she invited me to pay a farewell visit to McGovern's Garden. The conservatories and well-tended flower-beds of the only florist of note in Richmond were, in blossom seasons, a much-affected resort with the better classes of young people. The broad, central alley, bordered by roses, was called "Flirtation Walk." The narrow aisles of the green-house had been the scene of gallant and loving passages innumerable. To me—who had seen beside these no conservatory except the small building at Hunter's Rest, which was the solace of sickly Diana's life—McGovern's modest glass-houses were vast and bewitching.

My heart sank in disappointment when on the front door-step we met Uncle Archie and Sidney Macon.

"Where are you going?" demanded the latter sternly.

"To McGovern's, to fill the memorandum Di sent by you. Perhaps you prefer to do it yourself?"

She showed the folded paper on the palm of her hand, her smile as ingenuous as a baby's.

"You know I can't tell a rose from a potato-flower," (her cool hardihood was a continual irritation, and his rasping tone betrayed it); "but I had better go with you."

She stood perfectly still, her face as open as the sky.

"Why, may I ask? The danger of elopement is not so imminent that you need play watch-dog *all* the time. Or is this a fresh proof of the 'brotherly love' that has 'continued' so virulently for two days past?"

"Don't be foolish, Sidney!" Uncle Archie put his arm within that of his friend. "Distrust is always unkind. Sometimes it is an insult. Miss Harry, may I

commission you to select some seeds and roots for Maria's flower-garden?" He slipped a bank-note into her hand. "And a tea-rose for Judith. I heard her wishing for one last winter."

Honest scarlet stained a face that was no longer proud. The smile of flippant defiance passed like a distorted gleam uglier than shadow. She spoke very fast, looking straight at him:

"Before you let Judith go with me, you ought to know that I expect to meet Mr. Waring at the Garden. Since he cannot visit me here, I must say 'Good-by'—not 'Farewell,' mind you!—to him somewhere. If you would rather guard her from the contamination of appearing in public with me in such circumstances, you have only to speak the word. I wouldn't have mentioned it, but you trusted me!"

"If you will allow me, I will accompany you both!" was the unexpected rejoinder. "Please make my excuses to Mrs. Dabney and Miss Virginia, Sidney!"

We were in the street before anything more was said. He had offered his arm, and Miss Harry had taken it.

"You know it will make no difference!" she interjected presently.

"I understand that perfectly."

"You disapprove of the whole proceeding?"

"The question is too general."

She cast aside the dry laconicism so foreign to their usual style of converse.

"You blame me for promising to marry the man to whom I have given my whole heart—for whom I have waited through the years that bring dozens of fancies to most girls—one who has not his peer among his fellows! He is noble by birth and princely in nature, rich in gifts of mind and person. Because I recognize my king under a disguise no meaner than other kings have assumed that they might see the world to advantage, and be loved for themselves instead of for wealth and station, I am told that I have forfeited all claim to respect, degraded my womanhood, deserved to lose the love of family and friends; that I have been bold, unmaidenly—"

The last word choked the channel of utterance.

"You overheat your imagination by dwelling upon the angry exaggerations of other people," answered Uncle Archie quietly. "Nobody thinks that you have done one of these dreadful things. If Mr. Waring be what you represent, you have not a friend who would not approve your choice. If your position were that of any other woman you know, your good sense would commend the decision of her relatives to wait for proof that her new acquaintance is a man of good family and character. There is the whole matter in a dozen words! When Mr. Waring comes to Hunter's Rest with satisfactory certificates to prove that he is what he pretends to be, and is turned away, it will be time enough for you to complain that he and you are ill-used."

"Then"—eagerly—"you will keep your promise of intercession? will use your influence with Papa?"

"I will!"

She was battling with softer emotions than had spoken in her former appeal—began a sentence, and stopped to control her voice.

"Thank Heaven, that I have one true friend! My first sorrow is a sorely heavy one, Mr. Read. I laughed outright last night when Major Dabney ended his hour's expostulations, but it was because I was ready to cry. I felt that he meant to be kind. I was sorry that I had caused him distress, but he had seasoned his talk with abuse of a man every way his superior, blamed himself for allowing him to enter his house, and much more of the same sort—and worse. I told him not to trouble his conscience on that score—that we had met twice before he introduced Mr. Waring to me, and already loved one another better than he could imagine people ever loving in any circumstances. With that, I marched out of the room without farther explanation."

"That was unjust to you, uncandid to a good, warm-hearted gentleman, whose one fault in this affair has been a too-ready hospitality, and a belief that others are as honest as himself."

I thought the bold reproof would anger her, but she only replied, after the struggle of a second, "I will beg his pardon, if you think best."

"I do think it best that you should not willfully throw away respect and good-will. Here is the garden, and I see that Mr. Waring is waiting. If you will trust me, I will, with pleasure, attend to your sister's memorandum and wait for you at the gate."

She consigned the paper to him with a look of affectionate gratitude it was well her lover was not near enough to see. Few men would have read it aright. Fewer would have been generous enough to brook it had their claims upon her been strong and confessed. Then she went slowly down the long alley, from the far end of which a tall figure advanced to meet her. I watched them in a maze of romanceful enjoyment and intense misgivings. Uncle Archie's straightforward common sense had cleared my perceptions and steadied my judgment measurably. If this man were not an impostor there must be means of proving it. If he could not produce these, father, brother and friends were more than justified in refusing to sanction his suit of their darling.

But how handsome he was! how graceful the reverence with which he bent toward her, his kingly head bared in the sunlight!

"Don't you think he is a good man, Uncle Archie?" queried I, tentatively, as we entered the green-house.

"I do not know him well enough to judge, nor to talk about him yet, little girl!"

Which I rightly construed into a recommendation to me to hold my peace.

The west wore the mellow dyes of a spring evening when we returned to the gate. The air was scented with violets, jonquils and hyacinths opening wide their cups for draughts of the warm, sweet breeze. Just over the lovers' heads as they paused at the other extremity of the flower-skirted walk before turning to rejoin us, the crescent moon fainted in the pale yellow sky. Harry raised her hand to point it out to her companion. Both stood looking at it for a minute, their figures drawn darkly, yet in soft, uncertain lines above the hilly horizon.

"She saw it over her right shoulder!" escaped me in my exultation. "That is a *splendid* sign!"

"I cannot have you grow up superstitious, Judith," said my mentor, with perceptible emphasis on the second personal pronoun. "Do you suppose that our Heavenly Father would let your future happiness depend on the chances of seeing the moon to the right or the left of you? That would make Him out to be weaker and sillier than the most foolish person you ever saw."

"But dreams—now!" ventured I, cowed by his unwonted asperity.

"Come, sometimes, from heavy suppers. Sometimes, I verily believe, from the devil!"

The others were too near for farther talk between us, but cold shivers of doubt crept around my heart. Had there been diabolical agency in the vision that predicted this girl's meeting with her lover, even to the utterance of the line of the song that locked the chain upon heart and fancy?

Major Dabney lent his carriage and horses to convey us back to our country homes. Apphia, saucy and rosy, with many added touches of city fashion in her apparel, mounted to the high box by the admiring coachman when her mistress and I were bestowed within the roomy chariot. A box of plants occupied the front seat. My precious tea-rose I carried in my own hands. The topmost bud tickled my nose, and I had to clutch it tightly to save it from breakage and bruise in the vicissitudes of the roads, which were at their spring worst. Sidney and Uncle Archie were outriders.

"On my way to jail, with a constable on each side!" Miss Harry put out her head to say to her friend who waited on the sidewalk to see us off.

The latter was very pretty that morning, her fluffy hair blowing over her forehead, her bloom deepening in the damp air. There were tears in her eyes, but she smiled them back, shook her head in arch reproof.

"No! to Paradise, attended by two Greathearts!" she retorted. "I wish I were going with you. Pity us poor creatures left in the City of Destruction!"

She could no more help speaking kindly than some people can help being blunt. This may have been only one of the tactful, gracious sayings with which she habitually covered the lapses and blunders of others. But I was grateful for it when I saw the brightness in Uncle Archie's face. The opportunities of confidential talk with the daughter of the house had been scant at his former visit. The present was absolutely barren of such advantages. Poor Harry's escapade had disturbed and occupied the thoughts of all. An imprudent lover might have hesitated to obtrude his suit in the circumstances. This one should have been used to putting by his own hopes and joys that the less important affairs of others might receive due attention.

We passed from the muddy, unpaved quarter devoted to private residences into Main Street, rumbled and jolted over the badly-laid cobble-stones that made a bottom for that popular thoroughfare, past the Eagle Hotel and the stores where we had spent many forenoons shopping, not only for ourselves, but for half the countryside. At the corner, where we turned toward Mayo's Bridge, was an organ-grinder, surrounded by the inevitable troop of urchins. His monkey was sprawling on the front of the nearest store at the full length of his tether; the thin-faced wife, wrapped in a tattered red shawl, beat her tambourine while her master sang "Buy a broom." It was very early in the day. Reddish fogs drooped low on the Chesterfield hills beyond the river, gave a lurid cast to the light in which we saw idle clerks standing in store-doors, colored porters arresting the business of sweeping the sidewalks to lean on their clumsy splint brooms and grin at the monkey's antics, the hollow cheeks and heavy eyes of the tambourine woman, and the stolid visage of her companion.

Miss Harry smiled languidly in response to my excited look, leaned forward and threw a coin to the musicians. I saw Sidney's contemptuous shrug and Uncle Archie's expression of amused surprise as the

bright silver dollar struck and rolled on the stones under the woman's feet.

"If we had not stopped to look at them that day—" began Miss Harry. "But no! we could not have missed him, you know! It was foreordained!"

We did not miss him to-day. He stood at the Richmond end of the bridge, so near to the wheel-track as to be able to lay a bunch of violets on Miss Harry's knee. It was done in one swift, dexterous gesture, then he stood back with lifted hat, his passionate regards burning on her face while the carriage rolled very slowly by.

"I'd 'a' made that thick-headed 'Manuel stop clean, smack, dead still!" Apphia told me afterward; "but he was 'fraid o' his life o' Mars' Sidney. I ain't, you better b'lieve! He dar'sn't lay finger on me, an' cusin' don't break bones. I ain't been had no use for that possum-faced 'Manuel from that minnit. I tell him he ain't got the sperrit of a' old har'!"

Sidney had spurred on in advance to pay the toll, and not observed, while making change for the gate-keeper, the figure on the hither side of the toll-house until the violets had been given and the donor moved away from the wheels. I feared for an instant that the brother would have ridden him down, so fierce was the pull on the rein that drew the blooded horse back on his haunches, so menacing the brandish and snap of the whip in his other hand. Miss Harry did not see this by-play, or aught else besides the one face she might never behold again if Sidney were to give tone to family opinion. The apparition was a surprise as complete to her as to the others, and moved her as their formal parting in the garden had not. Heedless of observation and comment, she arose to kneel on the seat and get a last, long look out of the small, round window in the back curtain, then sank down in her corner and drew a thick veil over her face, weeping convulsively. I could not see for blinding tears, but I felt that one of the horse-men approached her window as if to speak, then checked himself, struck his horse smartly and dashed ahead. Not a sentence was uttered except in guarded sub-tones by the servants on the box, for several miles.

It was a tedious, dreariness journey. The red mud was up to the axles in the bottoms, and we would have sunk yet lower but for the "corduroy" underpinning of logs in the worst morasses. Over this, progress was a cruel series of bumps, jolts and rockings that taxed human frames and carriage-springs to the utmost extent of endurableness. The horses drew their legs out of the viscid clay with a curious sucking noise as if malicious underground gnomes were smacking their lips in glee at our evil case. We stopped but half an hour at the House of Entertainment where we had dined so gayly six weeks before. The horses were rubbed down, a pail of corn meal and water administered to each, and we pushed on. Had our escorts been in tune for conversation, they could not have kept near enough to us for indulgence in the desire. The corduroy—otherwise the "gridiron" causeway—was a single track constructed in the middle of the broad public road. On each side of this were red deeps and danger, and almost as much might be said of the zigzaggy wastes outlying the double row of worn ruts zigzagging from one firm spot to another. By four o'clock the easily-returning clouds of spring-tide gathered portentously above us. By six, a fine chilly drizzle set in, and in another hour increased to a steady rainfall.

Still there was no talk of not reaching the home of one or the other section of the little party. The carriage-lamps were kindled at a wayside smithy, harness

and horses inspected in the light of the forge-fire, and more meal and water administered. The gentlemen alighted, stamped hard and shook themselves before the blaze, to get rid of some of their encrustment of mud. Their shadows, grotesque and monstrous, filled the cabin, stretched away into the road and broke upon our wheels. Uncle Archie drew out a pocket-flask and cup, poured out something and brought it to Miss Harry.

"A little wine will do you good!" he said, without preamble, but in his usual tone.

If he had pitied her she probably would have refused it. As it was, she took the cup with a low "Thank you!" drank a part of the contents and pressed the rest on me.

"Are you very tired, Judith?" asked my uncle.

"A little, sir!"

"She is very good!" appended Miss Harry. "Very brave and patient!"

"That is well! She will sleep soundly to-night."

He shut the door. Emmanuel climbed to the box. The harness creaked and the carriage groaned as the horses dragged it out of the mud in which it had settled deeply during the halt. The light of the burning coal, the smell of which had brought Richmond and our departed holiday keenly back to me, faded in the rainy darkness. The miles grew longer and longer. I was fatigued beyond the power of complaint. In the darkness silent tears rained over the hands, numbed and sore with holding on to the tea-rose pot. Miss Harry was very kind, but she showed her compassionate interest by an occasional inquiry as to my welfare and such slight offices as lay in her power to offer toward mitigation of my evident discomfort. I understood, even then, that to attempt a show of cheerfulness was an impossibility with her. With the last glimpse of her lover, the excitement that had sustained her for three days utterly deserted her. The long, depressing day must have seemed full of sad presages. Her spirit could not but shrink in view of the battles to be fought with her nearest of kin, especially at the prospective struggle with the father who, idolizing her, would be, on that account, the more tenacious of the traditions of his tribe and order. She must also have dreaded, with different and haughtier feelings, county gossip, charged with her name; the varied phases of indignation, grieved surprise and mean exultation the wagging tongues would express.

We had made room for Apphia inside of the carriage when the rain set in. She was asleep, wedged between the box of plants and the stuffed side of the vehicle, I well-nigh dead with drowsiness I dared not indulge, when Sidney called to the driver to stop, and, riding up alongside, addressed his sister for the first time since we left Major Dabney's door.

"Harry! it would not be safe to attempt the creek to-night. We think it better for you to drive on to Summerfield and stay there until morning. We are at the Cross-Roads now, three miles nearer Summerfield than Hunter's Rest."

"What does Mr. Read say?"

Her voice was hard as well as tired. She would accept nothing upon her brother's word. Uncle Archie was close at hand. His reply sounded in my very ear. I could imagine just how he leaned over in the saddle to lay his hand on the window-frame—the old, familiar attitude associated in my mind with fine-weather drives through forest roads and between plantation fences. With gay cortéges of fair girls and beves of beaux reining in their curveting horses to exchange merry repartee and pay graceful compliment. With the days—how

long past they were to me to-night!—when I had thought it a glorious thing to be a “turned-out” young lady with scores of admirers, and Miss Harry Macon the most enviable of created beings. We had stopped on the very spot where her father had stood, his gray head bared, holding the carriage door open for her on Christmas day, and half a dozen cavaliers had sprung from their saddles to attend her.

The rain plashed straight and sullenly into the pools, deadening the chafing of the boughs against one another and the ceaseless sigh of the dripping pines. All this I thought and felt and heard, while Uncle Archie’s voice gave me the impression of one thing strong and true amid gloom and dissolution:

“I hope you will not think of driving through the ford at this time of night. The water must be high, and your driver is not familiar with the road. In less than an hour we can be safely housed at Summerfield. You know how welcome you will be there.”

“Thank you! Let it be as you wish! It is only waiting a little longer,” she subjoined in an undertone, sinking back in her seat as we moved on. And yet lower, as if to herself—“But I wish it were over! How I wish it were over!”

“Miss Harry, honey! I wouldn’t fret if I was you!” said Apphia, tenderly. “You allers could twis’ Mars-ter ’roun’ your finger. Jes’ you keep up a brave heart an’ speak real peart to him, an’ he’ll give you your own way same like he’s been doin’ ever sence you was born. You’re Macon all over, an’ thar never was one of ’em that would give up not of they was cut to pieces, bit by bit. Ole Uncle Caesar, he use’ to say as how a snappin’-turkle ’ud never let go his bite ’thout it thundered, but that the thunders o’ Mount Siny and the Jedgement day put together wouldn’t shake off a Macon onct he’d took holt.”

She gave the sweet, shrill laugh of the mulatto at the, to me, unpleasing conceit. Her mistress did not reply. Perhaps she recollected that her father too was a full-blooded Macon.

The lighted windows of Summerfield shone dimly through the mists as we drew up at the gate. At Uncle Archie’s shout, the house-dogs bounded across the yard, barking a vociferous welcome; dusky forms, bearing blazing lightwood knots, issued from the kitchen; the door of the house was flung wide, and a flood of lamplight flickered on the drenched floor of the porch. When, wet, chilled and stiffened, we dragged our tired bodies up the steps, we found ourselves literally in the arms of the Blessed Three who had come forth to receive us.

“This is none other than the gate of heaven!” said Miss Harry, ’twixt laughing and crying, dropping her head on Grandma’s shoulder. “Virginia called it Paradise, and she was right!”

It was ten o’clock when, dry, warm and cheery, we assembled about a smoking-hot supper, served on a round table before the fire in “the chamber”—Grandma’s own room. There were four places, and Aunt Maria sat down to pour out coffee.

“Where is Sidney?” asked his sister, abruptly.

“He left us at the Cross-Roads. Didn’t you know it?” returned Uncle Archie. “Having written to your father to expect you to-night, he was afraid he might be uneasy if he heard nothing of you—”

“Harry, dear!” cried Aunt Maria, starting up in real terror.

Harry had arisen to her full height; her face was fearful to behold with sneer and scowl.

“I comprehend!” she articulated, as if each slow

syllable cost a separate action of lungs and throat. “If I had known it in time I would have followed him on foot. The risk of drowning would have been nothing to me compared with that of letting that traitor get to my father’s ear before me. It was a clever trick! an honorable, manly subterfuge, worthy of him who contrived and carried it out! Living and dying, I will never forgive him!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Trouchin, in 1780, took stays, stocks and books from Neckar’s precocious daughter, and turned her loose in the fields to run with the colts and calves, he was so far in advance of the sentiment of the day with regard to the training of girls that we do not wonder at the resentment of the mother, the *ci-devant* governess.

“She is nothing to what I would have made her!” Madam Neckar would say slightly, when congratulated upon the brilliant social and literary successes of the De Stäel.

Popular prejudice had yielded so slowly to common sense and the teachings of experience, that in 1832 stated exercise in the open air, as a Christian duty of women and girls, was as little thought of as the magnetic telegraph. Men lived much out of doors, spending whole days in the saddle, and tramping for long hours over their plantations, and, gun on shoulder, through the woods in pursuit of abundant game. Every woman could ride on horseback for the sake of convenience, carriages being comparatively few in some neighborhoods, and the roads in winter and spring almost impassable to lighter vehicles than four-horse wagons. The conventional gentlewoman of that generation “sat on a cushion” in-doors or on the roofed porch, and “sewed up a seam,” summer, winter, spring and autumn. She was inducted into the mysteries of the daintier arts of housewifery—preserving, pickling, jelly and cake-making; could wash her own laces, and clear-starch her own muslins, “give out” breakfast, dinner and supper, and was proficient in fine and fancy needlework. Laid away among my precious things is an ancient counterpane, embroidered in thirteen different stitches, by my grandmother’s shapely hands. The cotton of which it is made grew on her father’s plantation; was woven into a fine twilled fabric in the loom-room; her three sisters each designed a corner pattern; her only brother, who was very much in love with the fair neighbor he afterward married, sketched an altar, upbearing a pair of apoplectic hearts spitted with an arrow and steaming with affection, for the fourth corner. On the centre piece, the owner, belle and betrothed, exercised her taste and skill. Within a lozenge, exactly in the middle of the counterpane, the bride of a week worked in stiff, lean letters, her new name,

“Judith Read, 1790.”

Aunt Maria wrought diligently three years on a duplicate of the treasured heirloom, the original descending to my mother as the eldest child who survived infancy.

My grandmother wore tight stays from the hour she arose from her feather bed in the morning until Mammy ’Ritta undid the stout laces for the night. Unless really ill she never lay down in the day-time, and when the weather was even slightly unpleasant, did not leave the house and porches for weeks together. Her skin was as fine-grained and smooth as ivory, and in late life as colorless; her limbs, feet and hands retained their delicacy of form to the last. My mother and Aunt Maria

were less hale than she, and both died under sixty years of age. That I, the fragile offshoot of the ancient stock, was suffered to roam at will in meadow and woods until anxious heads were shaken over the probability that I would grow up a "tom-boy," was due to my Uncle Archie's influence with the feminine cabal. That I am alive upon the earth this day and in fair health, I owe, under Heaven, to his wise indulgence of my love of rambles and farm sports. I rode behind him on a sheepskin pillion when he made his rounds of the plantation; trudged over frozen fields at his side to see the ice-cutting on the mill-pond. From him I gleaned the knowledge of forestry and timbering which makes my woodland strolls a never-failing source of enjoyment.

On a mid-April day, a fortnight or so after my return from town, he invited me to ride with him into the heart of the woods, where he was to inspect timber cut during the winter for new fences and barns. He set me down, at my request, at what I had named "my bower." About the trunk of a large maple tree a cluster of saplings had sprung up on all sides but one. In this opening the bulging roots heaved their knees into a mossy lap, sloping down to the edge of a rapid brook. Two years before Uncle Archie had assisted me to lash the supple young trees into a pent-house above the green velvet cushion. Last summer he had bound other wayward sprays down to their appointed places, until the fiercest sun could not penetrate the thatched arch, and we had once found beneath it a safe refuge from a summer shower. The branches were scantily decked to-day with tufts of downy, pinkish foliage; the ground was strewn with the dried flowers pushed off by the leaf-buds. I brushed them from the moss, hung my "snack"-basket on a broken branch, and assured Uncle Archie that I should have a grand holiday all by myself. He need not hurry back.

"I shall not be very far away," he said. "Only on the other side of the hill, where the men are loading the wagon. But I may be gone some time."

"Never mind! I brought my book"—producing "Moral Tales." "I have only read it twice."

"How many readings do you expect to give it?"

He stooped to pick it up; turned with affected carelessness to the fly-leaf, where Miss Virginia had written her name and mine.

"Oh, eight or nine, I suppose! I read 'Pilgrim's Progress' through three or four times a year. There are so few really interesting Sunday books beside that and Miss Hannah More's 'Tracts,' and the Bible, of course."

He pinched my cheek, repeating laughingly, "Of course!" put the book down tenderly on my lap, and mounted his horse.

"If you want me, you have only to call very loudly," was his parting admonition.

It was not likely that I should have occasion to summon him. The woods were safe, the day was perfect. I did not care to open my book at once. Resting against the brown-gray trunk, I bethought me that I had missed seeing the crimson tassels this season; pitied them for having burned out their brief life and fallen unheeded. I fancied how the ground had looked gorgeously carpeted with them; how they had whirled and danced on the brook, been heaped up in eddies and behind stones, and caught in the long grasses shimmering and swaying below the surface of the water that went swishing and gurgling down to the creek a mile below. Such a dear, wonderful little brook! twisting and glittering and darkling, but always happy and clean, for its course was over smooth pebbles and between

banks bound into compactness by reticulated roots, and turfed and mossed to the brink. A companionable little brook, in which I had built grottoes, with colored stones for pixies, and over which leaned certain gnarled and hollow trees, wherein might dwell dryads and elves, although tenanted at present by gray squirrels, that barked and scolded when I came too near to them in their romping races over dry leaves and brushwood. A very tempting brook to-day, being so full after the spring floods that the water was clear brown in the hollows, yet warm down to the bottom. I laid my book in a crotched branch, beyond the reach of scattering drops, pulled off my home-knit stockings and thick shoes, drew the skirt of my blue-spotted frock up to my knees and stepped into the delicious tide. I had done the same often enough to learn that better wading-grounds lay down the stream, and splashed gayly along, stopping now and then to revel in the ripple of the soft current over my "ankles, bare and brown," and to watch the minnows in the shallows. A school of these took flight at my approach, and darted away, throwing somersaults over the stones, and floating, sometimes head first, sometimes backward and upside-down in the rapids. I gave chase in sheer light-heartedness, holding my skirts well up and dashing the spray right and left until I was in water knee-deep.

Just where my brook spread out into a miniature lake, fringed by "branch-willows," ochreous and glossy to the tiniest tip, and studded with grayish leaves, I turned a sharp corner, and came full upon two people seated on a fallen trunk.

"Why, Sweetbrier!" cried Harry Macon, with an agitated laugh. "How you startled me! Did you drop from the clouds?" More nervously still: "Who is with you?"

Mr. Waring had arisen with her, and made me a profound bow.

"Good-day, fair Musidora!"

I had let fall my frock, and it clung and flapped soakingly against my naked legs. A hot red vapor seemed to envelop me like a veil of shame. The power of motion with that of speech forsook me. I had a wild impulse to fall, face foremost, in the brook and drown myself out of present misery and a life that had grown suddenly dreadful. I heard Miss Harry say something hurried and inaudible, and the sound of retreating footsteps. When she spoke again she was alone and standing at the water's edge.

"Come to me, dear," she said, soothingly. "There is no harm done. Are you alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," faltered I. "Uncle Archie brought me, but he went away."

"I am glad he did!" She was wringing and shaking out the wet hem of my petticoats. "I don't want him or anybody else to know that I am here. I am not sorry to have a chance of a talk with you. Sit down by me, and put your feet on that mossy stone. They will soon dry in the sun. You must take a message to your uncle from me. But do not deliver it until you hear that I have gone away. Do you understand me, Judith?"

I nodded obediently, staring right at her, not yet collected enough to gather any other sense from the words than the ear caught mechanically. She was very pale, and spoke in a thin, unsteady voice, not at all like her own. While talking she tore off the tawny bark from the willow wands nearest her, divided the strips into threads, and tossed them into the water.

"Tell him not to blame me. That I am driven to it. That I receive neither justice nor mercy from my father and brothers. That when the information for which they

have written to England comes—and it cannot get here under three months—they will be no better satisfied than they are now. They will pretend to believe the letters forgeries or falsehoods. They are determined not to be convinced. There is but one way to force the truth upon them. I must go myself to Fairwold Hall, and write to them from there. Sidney objects to my talking to your uncle. He says, 'Archie is too easy with you. He encourages you to be headstrong.' But tell him to go to my father, when I have gone, and make him understand that he will not hear from me until I can date my letter from the house he tells me has no place on earth outside of my imagination. My father was never unkind to me before. I never had a harsh word from him. He would not kiss me when I went to bed last night, because I would not pledge my word to hold no communication with Mr. Waring until we should hear from England. Sidney and I do not speak to one another, and poor Di cries all the time. Even Rod, who used to take my part in all our disputes, writes from Philadelphia that he will never own me as a sister again if I do not give up what he calls "a disgraceful fancy." He says he has not been able to study or sleep since he first heard of it. They are killing me by fast inches! Look at my hands!"

She bared her wrists. The veins stood out high and blue, the muscles showed whitely.

"In three months I should not be worth any man's taking. They will have hounded me into my grave, or the mad-house. Sometimes I wonder if I *am* quite sane. I don't know myself as the Harry Macon who was so happy last Christmas."

She had rushed on in the review of her wrongs with the impetuosity of one who must have the relief of speech in a sympathizing ear. Now, she pulled herself up and tried to seem calm.

"You won't forget what I have told you, Judith?"

"It is a great deal to remember," uttered I, in my old-womanish way. "But I will try. It is dreadful that they treat you so unkindly—" winding my arms about her as if their weak strain could stay the breaking heart. "Why don't you come to Summerfield to stay? Nobody is cruel to anybody there. And we are all devoted to you. Don't you think Uncle Archie could do something for you? He always does help 'most everybody."

"He can't help me, dear. If he could, he would. God bless him for the truest friend I ever had! Tell him that too, Judith! That if I were on my death-bed, I should still pray that God would bless him and give him the desire of his heart. Say that just as I do—the desire of his heart and the light of his eyes,—those dear, honest, tender eyes! He will know what I mean."

"Now I must go! Papa and Sidney are off at court to-day, or I should not have been able to leave the plantation without the escort of one of them. They dog me like my shadow. I may not see you in a long time again, Sweetbrier. But you are a darling, and a comfort, and my own friend wherever I may be. Some day I shall beg to have you for a whole year, all to myself, and come for you. Don't breathe a word of having met me until—you know when. Then, give my love to Grandma, Aunt Betsey and Maria, and ask them to think as well of me as they can. And don't let anybody teach *you* to hate me and call me ugly names. Good-by, darling!"

She clasped me closely to her breast, kissed me over and over. In the midst of my stupefaction, the thought crept into my mind that it was as the puny representa-

tive of all she was deserting—home-loves and friends and girlhood's affluence of gayety and triumph—that I received the griefful passion of her caress. At last she let me go, and walked away very fast down a disused cart-road, now overgrown with coarse herbage. Almost at the end of the vista thus formed, I descried a woman on horseback holding two horses beside her own, and knew her for Apphia by the gay turban and parti-colored dress. Mr. Waring joined Miss Harry before she had gone far. I watched them as they mounted and rode off, Miss Harry waving a handkerchief in farewell to the abject speck of humanity gazing at her from the bank of the stream.

Shaken, stunned and sick, I followed the brook back to my mossy seat, keeping ashore. I loathed the thought of wading as I would have shrunk from banjo-music at a funeral. Twice I stumbled over prostrate logs, my ankles and feet were torn by mats and ropes of trailing bamboo, or "cat-brier." I washed the bloody scratches in the warm water and drew on my stockings, sobbing bitterly all the while. The cup of childish woe had been dangerously full many times within this eventful year. It streamed over, now, in torrents. Miss Harry meant to run away to be married! I had heard of such flights over the Virginia border into North Carolina or Maryland. In our State the consent of parents or guardian was essential to the legality of a minor's marriage. Most fathers forgave offenses of this sort, and no obloquy was attached to the contracting parties. Still I wept out of the soreness of a new distrust. I had suddenly conceived a prejudice against Mr. Waring. I did not believe that the real Prince would have accosted me as "Musidora." He may not have suspected that I had read "Thomson's Season's," but he might have taken it for granted that Miss Harry had. Musidora was, in my opinion, a very careless, if not an improper young woman, her Damon an impudent spy, and the story anything but a nice one. Uncle Archie would not have alluded to it in the presence of ladies, nor would Captain Macon or his sons. What if they were nearer right, after all, in their views of her love-affair than was she who sacrificed everything to follow this man's fortunes?

My eyes were red, my cheeks blotched by tears when my protector returned and proposed to share my lunch of ginger-cakes and apples.

"What is the matter?" he broke off the sentence to inquire, catching a glimpse of my averted face.

I shook my head, my feelings knotting up hard in my throat, my lids again drenched.

His eyes fell on my damp garments, and twinkled in spite of his kind heart.

"Ah! I see! Never mind, little woman! I should enjoy a wade myself this morning. The water is just right. I'll speak to Aunt Maria about the wet frock!"

I overheard him, in my flight up to my room on reaching home, explain to his sister that "the poor child was almost heart-broken because she had got her frock in the water while wading," and I fairly hated my deceitful, ungrateful self. But had I not been charged to keep silence as to the occurrences of the forenoon?

"The Reads never break faith! The Truehearts do not betray trust!" gulped I magniloquently, twisting my short arms over my shoulders to button up the dry gown behind.

The aptness of the phraseology surprised myself. I had not read "Moral Tales" twice in vain. The declaration sounded as well as many passages of "Rob Roy," which Uncle Archie was reading aloud on evenings and rainy days.

In my ignorance of ways, means and the conventionalities of elopements, I believed that I had witnessed the first stage of the fugitives' journey. The third day after the scene at the creek was Sunday, and I was astounded by the apparition of the bride-expectant at Old Singinsville, pale and graver-eyed than usual, but evidently still Harry Macon, and under the protection of father and brother.

Grandma beckoned Captain Macon to our carriage when his two daughters were shut up in theirs.

"Come over and see us soon!" she half whispered, leaning out of the window. "I have a little friendly scolding in store for you. You must not take it amiss. I am afraid you are handling a delicate machine a little roughly. It is too valuable to be trifled with."

The grand old gray head sank dejectedly.

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, madam. Heaven is my witness how thankfully I shall listen to counsel, suggestion or rebuke from a friend so judicious, a woman so true-hearted as yourself. I confess myself to be baffled and discouraged. I apprehend that we shall agree as to the main issue involved?" with a keen interrogatory look.

"There can be little difference of opinion on that head between sensible people. But the parting with the right eye or hand must always seem cruel to the young. It behooves us in our age and experience to be merciful and tender. I will not detain you. Maria will drive over to-morrow to beg a week's visit from Harry. You will trust her with us?"

"Gratefully, madam! I could ask no wiser mentors, no gentler physicians to a mind diseased. I will not mention the projected visit to poor Harriet. She views with a jaundiced eye every subject broached by me. May He who knows men's hearts and sees the bitterness of mine, in His own good time unseal her eyes!"

"Amen!" responded the venerable sisters, as he retreated with one of his incomparable reverences.

Miss Harry's coming was discussed at our supper-table that evening. There should be a "dining-day" on Tuesday at Summerfield of the young people she liked best. A fishing-party on Read's mill-pond was planned for Wednesday, a horseback excursion and dinner in Burwell's woods, fifteen miles away, for Thursday; Aunt Maria proposed to take her guest on Friday to Bellair to visit my mother, the early friend and ally of the refractory beauty, and remain there over the Sabbath.

"I don't know whether this junketing talk is quite the thing for Sunday," demurred Aunt Betsey in the course of the consultation.

"The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship," quoted Grandma from the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and, with judicial impressiveness, "*except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy!*" The Master would say, I think, that it is lawful to save life, and what is better than life—happiness—on His holy day."

Aunt Maria's colored class met to be catechised on Sunday nights in the dining-room. I sat by Mammy, and answered in my turn. I remember distinctly one question that fell to her on this particular evening. In her Sabbath-day garb of black bombazine, a snowy turban bound about her head, and as white a 'kerchief crossed on her bosom, she sat, as dignified and upright as her mistress would have done, at the top of the room, on the alert to quell the restlessness or antics of

the juniors by a glance, yet devoutly attentive to the lesson.

"What are the benefits which, in this life, do accompany or flow from Justification, Adoption and Sanctification?" asked Aunt Maria's silvery voice.

There was a soundless flutter of exultation among such idle younglings as Gabriel and Michael when what they denominated "one o' them long fellows" was drawn by Mammy. It struck off one from their list of probable discomfitures, and there was sublimity in her acceptance of her fate, music in her sonorous enunciation of the pregnant sentences. Her black eyes sought a fixed spot pretty high up on the opposite wall. Her folded hands were motionless while she replied slowly and reverently, pausing to mark each division of topics, and rising in a noble crescendo to the emphatic finale:

"The benefits which, in this life, do accompany or flow from Justification, Adoption and Sanctification are: Assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, *increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the End!*"

It helped one to comprehend what the End would be to such sincere and steadfast souls as hers to hear the unction with which Mammy brought out those last words.

The drill was highly satisfactory that evening. Those who generally fell halt or lame by the way had extraordinary liberty of speech, and the proficient were glib beyond precedent. All united in the last hymn with stout lungs and approving consciences. The words were such as especially delectate the negro imagination:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!"

The devout hymnist of the time saw no incongruity in singing what he believed and held for certain. I could close my eyes as they rolled out the dolorous canticle, and picture it all to myself. The neck of land was the Isthmus of Darien; the vexed Atlantic was this life; the sunny hazes of the Pacific took shape into gleaming columns and airy domes, and walls of jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardins, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth and amethyst. Hell moved beneath me, even while my eyes dwelt upon the celestial battlements, and so near that I could hear the bellows of the volcanic fires.

Aunt Maria's taste was for gentler themes. The curdling of blood, the shiver of spirit and flesh attendant upon the contemplation of the abodes of the finally impenitent were distress and personal pain to her. She let her sable disciples sing the hymns selected by themselves, then lifted her pale, pure face from the hand that had supported and shaded it.

"Let us pray!"

We all knelt and repeated with her as one voice, "Our Father who art in Heaven!"

She sent them away with the "Glory forever and ever!" in ear and heart.

Mine was the additional treat of having her sit beside me and talk of Bible stories and Christian's arrival at the Celestial City, and most in detail of what I had been reading that day as the portion of the Scripture lesson in course—the history of Jezebel's crimes and fate. I recollect asking her what was the meaning of "tired her head and looked out at a window."

"Oh!" said I, disappointed on learning that the royal murderess had assumed her most becoming head-dress.

"I thought she leaned against the window as you do sometimes when you are tired. I saw you sitting so at the school-room window to-day while I was reading that very verse. I should think you would be lonely in there, Aunt Maria! I can't bear the place. The desks and benches, and especially Mr. Bradley's chair, make it all seem so desolate."

"It is a quiet place, dear, and one likes to be alone and still when she is reading or thinking. But it is time you were asleep. I will put out the light and stay with you awhile."

The graceful outline of her head and neck against the moonlit window faded into and mingled with dreams in which Mr. Bradley and Jehu were oddly associated and Jezebel toppled over on the uncomfortable side of the "neck of land." A soothing blank, fraught with refreshment followed, and I unclosed my young eyes upon a bright, fragrant morning.

Aunt Maria, in her white night-dress, her hair loosened on her shoulders as she had shaken it down for combing, stood motionless and pallid in the sunlight, transfixed by the tale Mammy was narrating.

"It is too true, honey! Mars' Sidney was here by sunrise to see Mars' Archie 'bout it, pretty nigh crazy, too—pore young gentleman! Heby—Miss Diana's maid—she 'twas foun' it out, when thar was no signs o' Apphia comin' down sta'rs to fetch up water for Miss Harry's room. So she went up to see what was the matter, an' lo, an' behole! Miss Harry's bed hadn't been slep' in all night, an' Apphia, she was gone too. They mus' 'a' stole off 'bout ten o'clock, for Cap'n Maccon's Rube, he was goin' home from seein' his sweet-heart, one of Mr. James Carrington's house-servants, an' met a strange carriage in the road, near 'leven. Mars' Archie had his horse saddled right off and rode back with him to Hunter's Res'. I heerd Mars' Sidney say that his father was threatened with somethin' like a fit, an' pore Miss Diana was goin' from one faint to another. Miss Harry may have had a good deal to b'ar, but she 'd never 'a' gone off with the bes' man livin' ef she could 'a' foreseen the misery she 'd leave behin' her. The Lord be more merciful to the pore dear lamb than she 's been to them that 's nearest o' kin to her!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XI.

"THERE 's one comfort, an' its solid comfort, too, in all these new doin's," said Miss Tryphena, pausing on her way to the linen-closet with an armful of freshly-ironed towels, and looking at Molly, who was in Dr. Cushing's office, looking over certain slides of microscopical specimens which she thought might by-and-by come into play for a possible evening entertainment. "It shows what I 've always been sayin', that a single woman can go her way if she 's a mind to, free-minded as a widder, even if it is flyin' in the face o' Providence, as folks say. I 've studied over it an' had reason to, for as many years as you are old, all along of Hiram Cummings, that married my sister Lucy, insistin' I hadn't no right to hold on to that little place that Finch lives in. He said it was my dooty to cast in my lot with the relations the Lord had given me, an' take the home he was willin' I should have with them. I should say so! Your vittles and a place to sleep, an' up early an' to bed late, an' no thanks nor notice, just because you 're only doin' a plain dooty! Your mar had sense. She said when I come to nuss her—an' goodness knows I had experience with my own father an' mother bed-ridden, an' Hannah an' Ann, dyin' of old-fashioned consumption—she says, 'Tryphena, if you are a wise woman, never give up your house, but keep your independence. You can lay by money, and by-and-by, when you need it, have a spot of your own to spend it in.' But I 've been town talk for neglectin' Lucy, as if it wasn't better to look out for a man like your father, that keeps the whole town in runnin' order, you might say, than to work myself to skin an' bone for a shif'less good-for-nothin' like Hiram. He 's good-natured, too; but mercy me, a shif'less man is next worse to a shif'less woman."

Molly laughed. Tryphena was given to sudden and

unexpected bursts of confidence, usually when on her way to some new work about the house. She seldom sat down before afternoon, and then had a habit, as she sewed, of propping the "Boston Academy" tune-book up before her, and singing in a high yet muffled voice, page after page of psalms and hymns known to her youth. Naturally this stood in the way of conversation, and Pauline, whose social nature craved expansion, wrung her hands at times in sheer desperation as she remarked to some passing friend:

"Ah, but it is of a lonesomeness! It is a cry out of purgatory when she will sing as that!"

Pauline had been added to the household staff to save Tryphena's strength, weakened sorely for a time by inflammatory rheumatism. Michael, her husband, having been the doctor's man for some years; but she stood in mortal terror of Miss Huggins' energy, and fled to the back kitchen or the wood-shed as some sudden demonstration startled away the few wits she retained. She adored Molly, but was never allowed direct communication with her if it could in any way be headed off, and resenting this bitterly, cast about for some means of revenge, discovering shortly, with all the keenness of her race, that Tryphena, in spite of her aggressive independence, hated to be talked about, and could be driven to any extreme of exasperation by judicious report of neighborhood sayings. To-day Pauline had drawn out Harding, the butcher, who gave it as his opinion that one "help" in a small family was enough, and that Miss Tryphena might better go home to her own folks, where her natural place was. This, repeated with judicious enlargements and alterations, had sent Miss Tryphena's temper up to fever heat, and she stood by the office door indignant, yet ashamed to show it too plainly, and continuing her argument on the rights of unmarried women.

"Molly, mark my words—if you don't get married,

an' I'm free to say a gal up here is as good as set down in a desert o' Sahary, an' a man that's wuth lookin' at don't come along more'n once in a generation, why, jest hold on to your independence, an' don't you go an' live with Reuben nor Edwin, no matter how they coaxes. You can do your dooty by folks other ways than fillin' in chinks for sisters-in-law that'd better do their own chinkin'. I say agin, it's solid comfort to see that Miss Dunbar comin' an' goin' an' never mindin' what's sed or what ain't sed; an' I'd like to know why widders can have a home an' live as they please, an' old maids is set down as fools an' stiff-necked if they dare to set up for themselves? What's a widder, anyhow, an' why's she got more sense'n other folks that might 'a' been widders, too, if they'd chosen?" And Tryphena marched away, wagging her head and holding her towels as if about to charge the enemy and rout them neck and flank.

Miss Dunbar, whose passing had been watched by various eyes beside Tryphena's, walked on in the meantime toward the Waite house, to which she went at short intervals, making slow progress, however, in the desired acquaintance with Mrs. Waite, who, no matter how confiding or expansive she came to be before an interview ended, met her at the beginning with the shy reserve that it seemed impossible for her to wholly drop. The invalid, to the Doctor's surprise, had gained a little strength, and was lifted up in bed daily, leaning against a bed-rest which Sybil had made from a drawing in a book on nursing which Miss Dunbar had lent her, and which Mrs. Waite had read with even more absorption than Sybil. His eyes followed them about, sometimes consciously, but more often with a wandering look, changing now and then to one of pain and perplexity, which left his face at once if Sybil came near him.

"Sometimes he understands and looks as if he liked to listen," Mrs. Waite said, as the sad, dark eyes rested on Miss Dunbar's face, "and then it all goes. If he can only speak again! He tries sometimes, and the doctor thinks perhaps he will. If he could only know how Sybil is getting on! She is so happy, except for him. She sits by him and carves, and talks to him about it, but you can't be sure he really understands anything. I'm very thankful sometimes that he can't."

Mrs. Waite folded her hands nervously and looked at Miss Dunbar with a curious expression.

"I have heard something to-day," she said, "and it startled me so I can't help speaking of it. I want to ask you did you ever hear anybody say that it was settled that Sybil should marry Abel Hinchman?"

"Sybil!"

Miss Dunbar started up involuntarily and caught Mrs. Waite's arm, then collected herself and spoke quietly, though she trembled.

"I do not like the idea even. No, I never heard it. Who said it?"

"Harding. You know he hears everything and talks over everything, and he said they had settled it in the village that Sybil and Abel would make a match. Why, it is dreadful! I felt as if I never wanted to see him again."

"Take no notice of it," Miss Dunbar said, "and it will die naturally. He is not fit for her. And she is only a child anyway."

"I know it," the mother said, a little comforted by the indignation the thought occasioned, and in a few moments Miss Dunbar said "Good-by," and went on to Mrs. Hinchman's to pay a bill for the "brilers" which, after long haggling, the widow had agreed to furnish.

The front of the house was closed as hermetically as usual, and she went round to the side of the house, hearing the sound of excited voices as she came to the side door. The window was open, and as she passed it there was the sound of a falling chair, as if some one had sprung up suddenly, and Abel Hinchman's voice said clearly:

"I swan, mother, you've just said all I'll hear, an' more! I've done your biddin' well as I knew how, but I'll marry Sybil Waite, an' I'll marry her to-morrow if she'll have me. You've badgered me an' tried to set me agin her all I'll give you the chance to, an' I'll ask her to-night if I get the right chance."

Miss Dunbar turned and fled. It would have been impossible to face either mother or son after a declaration which seemed to take the very ground from under her feet, and she hurried back toward the village, turning by a sudden impulse into the path which led to the pines at the back of the old graveyard, and unable to think till she found herself sitting in the familiar place. Was it conceivable that Sybil should care for this boy, and if so, what became of all her hopes for the old place and for the girl's future? Sybil had changed so, even in these few weeks, the consciousness of power to make her way seeming to have been all she needed to banish self-distrust and dread, and give her the happy, eager look her face had worn in childhood—a look Miss Dunbar never met without longing then and there to make every step plain before her.

"She is on the way to such a beautiful womanhood," she thought. "She does not begin to know her own power or what may come to her. Oh, if I could only keep her from knowing this thing! Perhaps she does not know it. If I could only take her away!"

At this point Miss Dunbar stopped and rose in astonishment. A slender figure came up the path in the old graveyard, looking from side to side, and calling:

"Auntie! Auntie! are you here?"

"Dorothy!" she cried in amazement, and ran to meet her. "Child, how did you get here?"

Dorothy fell upon her, hugged and kissed her, and then hugged her again.

"Oh, how pretty you are! How sweet and cool you look! You have been crying, I do believe. Tell me this minute what it means. Is that what you come here for? Tell me quick!"

"No," Miss Dunbar said, though tears were certainly in her eyes; "but I am glad you have come, child. I think you will help to straighten things."

"I always do, don't I?" said Dorothy, with a look around her. "Where were you? Sitting somewhere, I know. Let us sit down again, for I am hot. I've been on Lake Champlain, for I came up the Hudson yesterday, and then over to Whitehall, and when I got to St. Alban's and found I must wait hours for a train here, I just got a buggy and was brought over fast as a wicked little horse and an insane driver could bring me. Then when I got home and couldn't find you, George said he 'reckoned you were fixin' de graveyard,' and after being struck dumb for two minutes, I demanded what graveyard, and was shown the way here. Now tell me the whole, and I must tell you, too. To think that it is the middle of July, and I only just here!"

Miss Dunbar had led the way to her retreat under the pines, and Dorothy settled down by her side, with another impulsive hug.

"I don't want to go away again. I won't go away again," she remarked energetically. "If there is to be more school you must go too. You are worth any forty girls put together. Girls are such geese."

"I know it," Miss Dunbar said with such fervor that Dorothy looked up amazed.

"Is that the first result of the What-to-Do Club?" she asked, deciding privately that something really serious must be the matter. Miss Dunbar looked at the girl. She had meant to wait and let such story as must be told come gradually, but this new entanglement or possibility of entanglement had hurt her curiously. Dorothy's common sense had been her strong point from childhood, and no matter how freakish and uncertain her ways might be, any need found an instant response and was met with a grave and impartial attentiveness very comfortable to the speaker.

"I did not mean that you should be troubled, child," she said, with a long look into the clear, gray eyes. "But I think I shall tell you the whole story now, unless you are tired and would rather wait."

"Tired?" Dorothy put such thought aside with an impatient little wave of her hand, and Miss Dunbar began, going over every detail as it had gradually arranged itself in her mind. Dorothy listened intently. She grew a little pale as her father's death was mentioned, and knitted her brows as if puzzled over reasons, but nodded understandingly as the story went on, and at last sat, too absorbed for any sign, her eyes dilated and dark with feeling and her hands tightly clasped. She was silent as it ended; then drew a long breath.

"It feels a little like a dime novel," she said, with an attempt at lightness, then broke down, burying her face in Miss Dunbar's lap, and crying:

"Oh, how good you have been to me, in spite of everything!"

"You have brought nothing but good to me, dear child. You are my greatest comfort," Miss Dunbar said softly, stroking the bright hair, and thinking sadly how hard it seemed that the blunders and follies of one generation must always tell on the next.

"It's nonsense to cry," Dorothy said presently; "and now that I have wept my little weep, I'll tell you just what I shall do. It's best to let everything go on naturally. I know I can make Sybil fond of me. Anyway, I shall try, and if she has any temptation to settle down with this boy, I'll try and make her sufficiently discontented not to. We won't let the old name lose itself in such a fashion, unless it is foreordained so to be, and that I don't believe in one particle, do you? Now, let's put it all away, and let things take care of themselves. The immortal Napoleon remarked once upon a time,

'When you do not know what to do, do nothing,' and that's the principle I've been living on for some time. You must too, and I will set you such a shining example that you will wonder how you ever got on a step without it. Now, tell me what George meant. Are you really 'fixin' de graveyard?'"

"By proxy, chiefly," Miss Dunbar said, rising and putting on the hat she had thrown off. "It is nearly six, dear. How hungry and tired you must be! Come home to your nest."

"I'm never tired, and I'm always hungry," said Dorothy—"that is, with limitations; but you evade. The Club did not make this perfect view, but all this freshness and neatness is part of their work, I suppose."

"Altogether, and it has all been done in three meetings here. The first one I wrote you about. The second was made up of the same ones, with the addition of the minister and the storekeeper, who appeared unexpectedly; and the ball set in motion seems to be rolling through the township. Mr. Peters, Molly's father, Tad Freeman, the tavern-keeper, and two or three of the farmers whose relations are buried here, came up last Saturday afternoon, and did hard, heavy work in setting up fallen stones, mending the fence, and the turnstile, and picking up loose stones. Now, when Fall comes, we are to have a tree-planting day. Not many, but you see the graveyard is as exposed as the church is protected, and at that northeast corner it needs some badly. They are coming to-morrow with two loads of gravel for the paths, and then all will be in order. And here you see where the congregation picnic. We have propped up this flat rock and made an excellent table, and the spring under the roots of that great hemlock has been cleared out and stoned about. Take my cup and try the water. I carry one in my pocket now."

"It's delicious," Dorothy said, as she filled the cup again. "Everything is delicious. How Horace and Helen and John will like it all!"

"Yes," Miss Dunbar said absently. "When the middle of August comes. We are free till then."

"It's wicked, but I like that tone," Dorothy said, laughing. "It proves that Helen isn't as indispensable as I am. No, dear; we have a month for plots and counterplots, and I'm going to see how much can be packed into four weeks. You seem to have used your time well. Now let us go home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUSK.

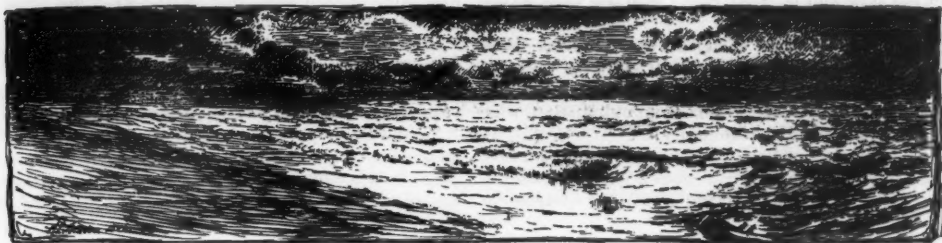
FOLDED leaf and folded wing,
Skies await their blossoming;
Stilly air and stilly steep,
Over which the new moon peep

Night-winds 'mid the poplar leaves,
Fairy hands among the sheaves;
Dove-notes in the mountain pass,
Down the lane a lad and lass.

Hazy hills and hazy woods,
Sea-waves don their nun-like hoods,
Chanting low a vesper hymn
To the sand, grown gray and dim.

Curfew bells in yonder tower
Toll the fall of angel hour;
Benediction in the air,
Time of peace and time for prayer.

CLARENCE T. URM.



THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY.

The sky was dark and gloomy:
We heard the sound of the rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea-fowl hovered
Above the boiling main,
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven
The vail was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
To Islands of the Blest,
And the far-off sail like a spirit
Seemed vanishing into rest.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

BY CORNELIA PADDOCK.

Author of "The Fate of Madame La Tour."

OVER head, the August sun blazed fiercely in a sky that seemed never to have known a cloud. Under foot, the gray carpet of the Plains stretched north and east as far as the eye could reach. Away to the southwest, the jagged peaks of the Wasatch were sharply defined against a background of dazzling blue. The long train of canvas-covered wagons that toiled slowly forward upon the dusty trail might camp in the shadow of those peaks at sunset; so it seemed, at least, to the inexperienced eyes that had hailed the first sight of the range as a token that their journey was nearly ended.

"We are surely within ten miles of the mountains now. Is it not so, Captain?"

The person addressed reined his horse beside the questioner, who appeared to be in charge of an ambulance that had fallen in the rear of the train.

"When you have crossed the Plains as often as I have, Brother Sheldon," he said, "you won't trust to your eyes to measure distances, especially on a day like this. When it seems to you that you could almost touch the mountains with your hand, you may calculate that they are a good twenty miles away."

"That is discouraging."

"On your wife's account, you mean? Take my word for it, she will do better here than in a velvet-carpeted chamber at home. I've seen such cases, scores of times."

A call for the Captain from some parties ahead interrupted the conversation, and as he rode away the driver of the ambulance lifted one of the curtains, letting in a little of the blinding sunlight, but admitting with it the fresh breeze that blew from the peaks.

"Is mamma asleep?" he asked.

The question was addressed to a little girl who, with an expression of the gravest solicitude upon her round, dimpled face, was watching the other occupants of the wagon—a frail, pallid woman, lying on a bed improvised with blankets and pillows, with a tiny baby nestled close to her breast, and a pretty two-year-old child fast asleep. At the sound of a voice, the woman unclosed her eyes; and beautiful eyes they were—large, black, and full of liquid light.

"I have not slept," she said, "and the day has seemed very long. Is it near sunset?"

It was hard to answer her question, asked with such pathetic weariness. The husband and father looked from the sick wife to the children walking behind the wagon, and sighed as he thought of the long miles that stretched between them and the camping-ground they hoped to reach at sunset. The wife's quick ear caught the sigh.

"Do not mind me, George," she said, in a voice meant to be cheerful. "I am very comfortable, and the children can ride by turns."

"Yes, mamma," interposed the little watcher, "I will get out now and let Susy ride. She has been walking since morning."

But Susy, the motherly, thoughtful eldest sister, protested that she was not tired, and that she liked walking above everything, and the second girl, whose white face showed that she was ready to sink from exhaustion, was lifted into the overloaded ambulance.

"You can ride, too, Charlie," the father said, addressing a sturdy youngster who had broken from his sister's detaining grasp, and was making a path for himself in the sage-brush.

"Don't want ter. Guess I'm big enough to walk. Men allus walk; 'sides, I see a deer awhile ago, and when he comes 'round next time, I'm goin' to shoot him."

"He means a rabbit," Susy said.

"No, I don't, nuther. I see a lot of deers, and rabbits too, yist'day. Girls don't know nothin' 'bout shoot-in' deers."

The mother on her sick bed listened and smiled.

"What a boy!" she said, with the proud mother-light in her eyes. Then she spread the tiny baby's pink fingers upon her open palm, and touched her lips to its silken hair. She felt no weariness now. She had the children and their father. What did she want beside?"

The next day and the next were but repetitions of many that had preceded them, since the march across the Plains began; but on the third day they entered the mountain passes, and at the end of a week the train emerged from Emigration Canyon, and halted upon a plateau overlooking Great Salt Lake Valley.

"And this is Zion! God help us all!"

George Sheldon turned his head to look at the speaker, and his wife, now so far recovered as to be able to sit up in the wagon, glanced in the same direction. A young girl, bareheaded, her face browned by exposure to the sun and wind, and her dress soiled and travel-stained, stood near them, her eyes fixed on the prospect beyond. To most overland travelers the sight of this valley was as welcome as the first glimpse of Canaan to the Israelites, but to-day a scorching south wind wilted every green thing, and filled the atmosphere with a blinding cloud of dust. Doubtless others of the company echoed the girl's words in their hearts, but they did not utter their thoughts aloud. Mrs. Sheldon beckoned the stranger to a place beside her.

"You are disappointed," she said, "and homesick too, perhaps; but you will get over that."

"I am disappointed," the girl answered bitterly, "but not homesick. I have no home. My stepmother always hated me, and she turned my father against me."

"And you ran away."

"Yes, but I would have run somewhere else, if I had known all that I know now. Why, they told me this place was like the Garden of Eden. It looks that way, don't it? And I haven't a penny nor a friend."

"Suppose you stay with me, then, until you find a better place."

The girl's face brightened until her new-found friend thought her beautiful in spite of her sunburnt tints.

"Do you really mean it?" she cried. "If you will let me stay with you, I shall be so thankful, and you will never be sorry for giving me a home."

Mrs. Sheldon assured her of the sincerity of her offer, and asked her a few more questions; but beyond eliciting the information that her name was Nora Burton, and that she had joined the company of English emigrants at Liverpool, she learned little of her history.

That night the whole family slept under a roof, for the first time in months, and in the morning their new home certainly looked much more inviting.

"We may find the Garden of Eden here after all," Mrs. Sheldon said to her handmaiden, "especially if we carry a little bit of it in our hearts. We came to this valley for the Gospel's sake, you know."

"I didn't," the girl answered promptly. "I would have gone anywhere to get away from home, and I came to this country only because the missionaries paid my way; but I can never get back to England, and I mean to make the best of it."

Mrs. Sheldon sighed. She was a devout believer in the New Gospel, and the girl's careless words pained her. "I am sorry, Nora, that you had no higher motive in coming," she said gravely.

"And what motive should I have, pray?"

"The salvation of your soul."

Nora laughed lightly. "That is something that I can attend to by and by," she said. "They told me a hundred times, when we were crossing the Plains, that I could be saved by being sealed to one of the brethren. I don't know just what they meant, but I shall have plenty of time to find out if I spend my life here, as I suppose I must."

"I see it is of no use to talk to you, Nora. You will never be serious."

Yet while she treated the girl's words as a jest, she found herself wondering many times what they meant.

"What do you think of Nora?" she asked her husband a few days later.

"I think her rather pert and forward," was the reply, "and I am almost sorry you were so ready to offer her a home."

"Oh, don't say that! Suppose one of our own girls should some time be friendless in a strange land. I am sure I did right, and I only asked your opinion of her because I have been thinking of something she said. She told me she had been taught that she could be saved by being sealed to one of the brethren. Do you imagine that she was in earnest?"

"Without a doubt. You did not hear anything of the sort on the Plains, but I did."

"Nora says she don't know exactly what sealing means, and I—"

"You don't know either, of course, but I can enlighten you. It means marriage for eternity."

"And what becomes of the unmarried?"

"None are to be left in that state. If there are more women than men in the community, one man is to take several wives."

"That explains something the children were telling me about the poor old woman in the cabin above us, who works in the fields like a day-laborer. They said she lived alone because her husband and his other wife had gone South. I wish I had known these things before."

"And if you had, what then? If we accept the New Gospel, we must accept it as a whole."

"Yes; but"—and the wife's face grew very white—"there may be some requirements that I am not strong enough to comply with. If you should take another wife it would kill me."

"Lucy, you silly child, what has put such an absurd idea into your head? I have all that I can do to care for one wife. Pray don't suggest that I should take half a dozen!"

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the noisy entrance of three of the children, followed by Nora. The girl had improved wonderfully in the short

time that she had been with them. She was really pretty, and to-day Mrs. Sheldon noticed, with a curious feeling of disapprobation, that she had curled her hair, and brightened her attire by a knot of gay ribbon. She chided herself for this feeling the next moment, and by way of rebuking it still farther, bought Nora a more becoming dress the first time she was able to go out.

"Why should I blame the child for wishing to look pretty?" she said to herself. "She is young, and it is right that she should feel as she does."

Yet in spite of this reasoning, Nora's evident fondness for admiration troubled her. She wished the girl would be more serious. She wished, especially, that she would not jest so much about marriage.

"When you are well enough to go to the Tabernacle yourself," Nora said one day, after being reproved for this tendency, "you will not blame me. Marriage is the only thing talked of there."

Nora was right, as Mrs. Sheldon found. At the Tabernacle, at the ward meetings, and at every gathering of the people, celestial marriage was urged as a duty that could not safely be neglected.

"It is the duty of a woman to give other wives to her husband, even as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham; but if she refuse then it shall be lawful for the husband to take them without her consent, *and she shall be destroyed for her disobedience.*"

This was the text from which innumerable sermons were preached, not only in public gatherings, but at the firesides of the people. No household was exempt from the visits of the teachers, whose business it was to inquire how the celestial law was obeyed in each family.

"Lucy," Mr. Sheldon said after one of these visits, "what do you think of this new doctrine now?"

"I can only say, as I did at first," she replied, "that if you should take another wife it would kill me."

"That is not the question. What I want to know is whether you think the law of celestial marriage is a Divine command, binding upon all?"

"I cannot say I believe it is a Divine command. I only fear it may be."

Her husband looked at her a moment in silence, then he said slowly:

"I am sure it is a command of God, but—I am not ready to obey it."

Lucy Sheldon's face blanched, and her breath came and went in short, quick gasps. If her husband had deliberately planned to bring her to the point of urging him to take another wife he could not have chosen a better way. The thought that she might be fighting against God was terrible to one of her acute religious sensibilities. The words she had been compelled to listen to so often rang in her ears: "It is the duty of a woman to give other wives to her husband." It seemed almost as though they were spoken from above in an audible voice. It was a moment of supreme misery. Could she, dared she, disobey God? Then her woman's nature asserted itself, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling she cried out:

"It is not of God. He never would command anything so monstrous—so cruel!"

"I wish I could think so," her husband answered gravely; and without another word he left the room.

Five minutes later Nora came in, humming a lively air. "Are you going to the meeting to-night?" she asked.

"I think not; but why do you wish to know?"

"Because, if you mean to stay at home I would like to go. Can you spare me?"

"Of course I can; there is nothing to do in the evening."

Mrs. Sheldon spoke sharply. The girl's careless gayety hurt her. In her present mood it was like

"The sun let in suddenly upon sick eyes."

"She is as merry as if there was no such thing in the world as duty—and no such thing as sorrow." This was the elder woman's thought, as Nora danced out of the room, first stopping before the mirror to arrange her dress and smooth her ringlets.

That night when her husband and Nora were at the meeting, and her children in bed, she meant to face again the question that had been forced upon her. She would know her duty. She would be sure whether God had really commanded such a sacrifice. But when evening came, and she knelt down alone to pray, she could only say over and over:

"He is my husband—mine. I cannot give him up. God help me!"

How long she knelt, moaning and wringing her hands, she did not know, but when she rose at last she was weak as if from long illness. Sinking into a chair she closed her eyes, and tried to collect her scattered senses and think calmly. Her baby woke and cried. She took the little one in her arms and held it close to her tortured heart. Was her love for the baby's father a sin? No, it could not be, and while she loved him as she did God would not ask her to yield her place to another woman. Her mind went back over the years of their married life—years of perfect love and trust. There had never been any cloud in their sky until now; and now, try as she would, she could not be blind to the change in her husband.

"It is because he feels that his love for me hinders him from obeying God," she said to herself. "Poor George! I know something of the battle that is going on his heart. It may be that he has suffered for months as I have suffered to-night."

The striking of a clock in the next room startled her. She counted the strokes. It was midnight. Her husband should have been home two hours ago. Something must have happened to him or to Nora. She laid her baby in its cradle and opened the door. It was a cloudy summer night, moonless and intensely dark. Beyond the little circle of light from the lamp she held in her hand not even the outlines of the most familiar objects were visible; but from some spot near at hand—she judged from the outside of the hedge that separated the garden from the street—she detected the faint murmur of voices. The house stood quite by itself in the outskirts of the town. She was not timid, but it was not pleasant to know that there were strangers about the premises at such an hour. She put the lamp back on the table and closed the door, remaining outside. She could not be mistaken. What she heard was the sound of voices in low-toned conversation. For a long time she continued at her post, listening with strained attention, but unable to distinguish a word. The suspense was becoming unbearable. Oh, if her husband would only return! At last the conversation ceased, and a minute afterward the gate opened, and she heard her husband's well-known step on the walk. She spoke his name, and Nora answered:

"Here we are at last. Have you been frightened about us?"

"I have been anxious," she said, as she threw open the door. "What has kept you so long, George?"

"The Bishop had some business with me," he answered, "and we stopped at his house. I am sorry you thought it necessary to sit up for us."

Something in his tone checked farther inquiry. Nora left the room, and the husband and wife retired in silence.

A month passed without any allusion being made to the subject of the afternoon's conversation. Sheldon was away much of the time, and when at home he appeared moody and preoccupied. His wife felt that she was standing on the crumbling edge of a precipice, without the power to retreat, but there was no one to whom she could look for help. It was now the first of September, just a year from the day they entered the valley.

"A year of sorrows," she said aloud, as she looked from the window of her room toward the spot from which they first caught sight of their new home.

"Do you think so?" It was the voice of her husband, who had entered unperceived. "You were more eager to come than I, and yet you are not happy here."

"No, I am not."

"I, too, might say this has been a year of sorrow, but it is because I have vacillated between duty and inclination. Since I have determined to obey God at any cost, I have found peace."

What was there in his words to make her heart stand still with a vague terror? She looked at him appealingly, but he was silent, waiting for her to speak.

"What do you mean?" she faltered at length.

"I mean that I have consented to take another wife, and next week Nora and I are to go through the Endowment House."

A mist came before the wife's eyes. She tottered, and caught at the nearest object to save herself from falling. Was it her husband speaking, or was it the same dreadful voice from above that she had so often fancied she heard repeating:

"If she refuse, it shall be lawful for him to take them without her consent, and she shall be destroyed for her disobedience."

What could she do? She was helpless in the grasp of an un pitying power. One last appeal, however, she must make, and with white lips she pleaded:

"Not Nora! Oh, not her! Let it be some one else—some one I do not know!"

"It is too late to make such a condition," her husband answered. "It must be Nora, and no one else!"

His face showed that there was no appeal from this decision, and for the next half-hour the wife sat in apathetic silence, while he talked of Nora and of the changes he wished made in the household arrangements on her account as calmly as though they were discussing the most ordinary business transaction; but when he rose to go, she found voice to say:

"George, will you answer one question? Was this not all settled a month ago, and did you not ask Nora to be your wife that night when I sat up waiting for you until after midnight?"

"If you must know—yes," he answered brusquely, and left the room without another word.

How she lived through the week that followed she never knew. She moved about mechanically, like a person walking in sleep, conscious only of a wish to avoid the sight of Nora; but when the day came which had been appointed for the consummation of her sacrifice, and she stood at the altar with her husband and his bride, her benumbed faculties awoke to life.

An eternity of agony was concentrated in the single moment in which she faced the High Priest, and heard him ask:

"Do you give this woman to your husband, to be his wedded wife?"

Twice she essayed to reply, but no sound came from

her lips. The question was repeated, and, in a voice scarcely audible, she answered:

"Yes, and no!"

"What do you mean?" the High Priest demanded sternly.

"I mean," looking above and around, as though invoking help from an unseen power, "if God requires it, yes—I will not stand between him and his God—but if I consult my own heart, *no*, a thousand times *no*!"

The High Priest, as pitiless as the creed he represented, turned away with a frown, and joining the hands of the pair before him, proceeded with the ceremony. With senses sharpened by anguish, she listened to the formula that declared the two united for time and eternity. Then the final blessing was pronounced:

"Forasmuch as you have entered into the holy covenant of celestial marriage, all your sins shall be remitted, and you shall inherit everlasting life."

As the husband bent his head to salute his new-made bride, the wife sank to the floor, and lay as one dead at the feet of the man who had promised that, forsaking all others, he would cleave only to her. When she came to herself, she was in another room, and an attendant was bathing her face. Her husband and his bride sat a little apart, still dressed in their endowment robes. As her eyes fell on them the whole scene through which she had just passed rushed back upon her, but she did not faint the second time. Throwing her whole soul into one prayer for strength, she rose, and, leaning on the arm of the attendant, left the room. By the time that they were ready to return to their own house, she had attained complete mastery over herself and decided upon her course. When they reached home she paused outside the door, on the very spot where she had stood on that never-to-be-forgotten night, and, taking the bride's hand, said:

"Nora, your rights here are now the same as mine, and God helping me, I will treat you as a sister."

"Oh, I've no doubt we shall get on well enough," Nora said airily. "We have already lived a year in one house without quarreling."

Susy, who had come out to meet them, flushed angrily, and was about to speak, but a look from her mother checked the hasty words upon her lips.

"Nora won't live much longer in this house without quarreling with me," she said, a few hours later. "I'm not going to see my own mother imposed upon."

"And I'll pitch Nora out of the window pretty soon—see 'f I don't," said Charley.

This outburst was caused by a little scene at supper, when Nora coolly appropriated the seat at the head of the table, leaving her former mistress to find another place.

It did not take many days for every member of the family to discover that Nora meant to carry things with a high hand. The best room in the house had been set apart for her, but this did not satisfy her, and she planned alterations and improvements on an extensive scale. All the arrangements of the household must be altered to conform to her ideas. The children were rigorously excluded from her part of the establishment. She "hated young ones," she said, and the children on their part repaid the sentiment with interest. Susy's feelings toward her were especially bitter. She was old enough to understand something of her mother's sufferings, and the wish to avenge her wrongs in some way never left her.

"I hate Nora," she said one day in her mother's hearing; "and I shall hate father, too, if this thing goes on much longer."

"Hush, my daughter!" the mother said. "We must bear this cross in silence, since the Lord has laid it upon us."

"I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with it," Susy answered; "and as for Nora, she don't believe there is any Lord. She used to say so sometimes, and she acts that way always."

"Is the child right?" the mother asked herself. About Nora she might be in the right. The girl had never seemed to be influenced by any higher motives than those she had avowed so frankly when she first came to the valley; yet how could she assume the relation she now held unless she believed God required her to do so?

"I will ask her," was her final resolve; and on one of the rare occasions when they were alone together, she carried this resolution into effect.

"Nora," she said, fixing her eyes on the girl's face, "will you tell me why you wished to marry my husband?"

"Because he is the only man I ever loved," was the candid answer.

"Then you did not feel that God commanded you to take such a step?"

"I didn't think of it at all in that way. I don't pretend to be religious, like the rest of you."

After this it seemed idle for the wife to expect anything from an appeal to her rival's better feelings; yet, as weeks and months passed, bringing added discord and wretchedness to the household, she made such appeals more than once.

One day, after a stormy scene, she said: "Nora, when I first offered you a home you told me I would never be sorry for doing so; yet now, when I have done and suffered so much for your sake, you never repay me by a kind word or act. Why is it?"

Nora's eyes blazed.

"I hate you," she said, "because you are *his wife*! Can't you understand? How can two women love the same man and be at peace with each other?"

How indeed? Lucy Sheldon was conscious that her own heart was full of bitterness toward the girl that had won her husband's love. Day after day she prayed for patience and resignation, but her prayers brought neither comfort nor help. She could not banish the feeling that if God had laid such a burden upon her He was not a kind Father but a cruel tyrant. If her husband had shown any sympathy for her, her lot would not have seemed quite so hard; but he was completely infatuated with Nora, and seemed to share her feelings toward his wife.

One day the two, rather against Nora's wishes, were obliged to go out together to make some necessary purchases, and on their way home they were overtaken by a shower. Sheldon was waiting at the door for them when they came. Without even glancing at his wife, he took Nora in his arms, carried her to the fire, removed the wet shoes and stockings, and chafed her feet.

"My darling! How could you be so imprudent?" he was saying, when his wife's appearance turned his thoughts into another channel.

"How is it," he said, frowning darkly, "that you did not have sense enough to look for shelter somewhere? You know how delicate Nora is, and if she dies in consequence of this it will be your fault; but you will be glad of it, no doubt."

His wife stood before him without uttering a word, the water dripping from her clothing. She was wet through, for she had given her shawl to Nora. Her

silence seemed to anger her husband still more, and he raised his hand threateningly, but Nora caught his arm, exclaiming, "Come, don't let us have a scene," and hurried him off to her room.

"Mamma," said Charley, "when I'm a big man I'll shoot Nora and put father in jail. You see if I don't!"

"Hush, Charley!" said Susy; then putting her arm around her mother, she entreated: "Do come to your room, dear mamma. I have everything dry and warm for you to put on."

There was no answer. The mother stood as if turned to stone.

"Don't look that way, mamma," the other children cried in terrified tones, and Baby Maud, frightened by the tumult, began to sob. The sound roused the mother.

"Come to mamma, love," she said.

"Let us take off your wet dress first," the older girls pleaded. "Maud is all right. We have taken good care of her; indeed we have."

When the children had succeeded in removing their mother's dripping garments and placing her in a warm bed, she begged them to leave her alone. She had need to be alone while she looked her destiny in the face. Now, indeed, her last illusion had vanished. She had hoped against hope that her husband's love for her was dormant, not dead, and that it would some time awake to life. But she had more to learn and more to endure. The day came when the man who had promised to cherish and protect her until death should part them struck her a shameful blow.

"I am thankful for that; it sets me free," she had said to herself; and yet something she could not define, the ghost of her dead love, still held her in bonds. Then, too, the shreds of her former belief clung to her, and at times she felt afraid that she was fighting against God. With this thought fresh in her mind, she would submit to Nora's caprices and her husband's brutality for days together with uncomplaining patience, but her submission only brought fresh exactions.

"Lucy," her husband said one morning in an unusually amiable tone, "Nora has set her heart upon having a new bonnet before Thursday. She declares that she will not go to the Tabernacle or take part in the concert without one, and they are all depending on her. I have spent the last dollar I had by me, and I cannot draw any more until the end of the month; but I know you have money, and I wish you would lend Nora what she wants."

"I have a little money," the wife said hesitatingly, "but the children need shoes."

"The children! It is always the children!" he answered impatiently. "But never mind; if you choose to be disobliging, I dare say I can borrow it somewhere else."

"Don't say any more. I will let her have the money."

"Well, come along then," he answered ungraciously. "Nora is waiting."

But when Nora was spoken to, it transpired that she did not feel well enough to walk up-town, and that she wished Mrs. Sheldon to go and bring down one or more bonnets for her inspection.

"I do not see how I can go," she said; but her answer raised such a storm that, as usual, she yielded, and set out on her errand. It was a long, hot walk in the scorching August sun. She remembered after she started that it was Maud's birthday. She had been too miserable to think of it before. Her mind went back to those August days on the Plains three years ago. How happy she was then, and how little she dreamed of the life that lay before her in these valleys! But she must

not dwell on the past; she could not and keep her senses. So, striving to think only of her errand, or rather not to think at all, she hurried on. When she reached her destination, she found nothing within the reach of her slender purse, but after going from place to place until her strength was nearly exhausted, she at last selected something that she thought might please her exacting rival. The price amounted to the whole of the sum she had brought; even the few pennies she had hoped to save to buy a trifling present for Maud must go. It was nearly noon when she reached home with her purchase.

"You have been gone long enough in all conscience," was Nora's greeting. "Give me the bonnet."

She tore off the wrappings, turned the bonnet over in her hand and burst into angry tears.

"Just look what she has brought me, George," she cried. "You know she did it on purpose to insult me."

"It was the best I could get for the money," Mrs. Sheldon tried to say, but a torrent of reproaches from her husband drowned her voice. When he stopped, Nora launched into a tide of abuse, and goaded beyond endurance she made a stinging retort.

"Do you dare to speak like that to Nora?" her husband cried, and with the words he dealt a blow that felled her to the floor.

She lay for a moment stunned. Then as her senses came back to her she rose slowly, gathered up the offending parcel, and without looking at either of them said: "I will go again and do the best I can," and left the house.

Once outside she walked with feverish haste, never stopping a moment until she had returned her purchase and taken back her money.

The shop of the only druggist on the street was a few doors below. She went in and asked for a bottle of laudanum. The clerk looked at her, noted her expression, and hesitated.

"What did you want it for?" he asked.

She made an answer that satisfied him, laid her money on the counter, took the drug, and went out. She did not hasten now. There was time enough for what she had to do. Once or twice she passed people she knew and spoke to them as she might have done on any other day. She had left the most frequented streets behind her. The road that lay between her and her home was a solitary one. She looked on every side. She was alone. Her eyes rose to the purple tops of the mountains, and then to the sky above. Was God there, looking down upon her? If He saw her, He surely knew that she could bear no more.

"Good-by," she said aloud, while her gaze lingered on earth and sky. Then she lifted the deadly vial to her lips and drained it to the bottom.

"I am out of their reach now." This was the only thought of which she was conscious as she walked onward. As she came in sight of her own house her children met her.

"Mamma," said Baby Maud with a quivering lip, "I so hungry."

"Mamma," Charley added, "we haven't had anything to eat since morning."

"It is true," said Susy. "Nora locked everything up and told us to wait for our mother. She and father are at supper now, but they sent us out."

"Mamma left baby," sobbed the little one clinging to her dress, "and Nora's naughty."

"O God! Upon whom will the children call to-morrow?" she thought.

A deadly stupor was stealing over her, but she fought

against it long enough to comfort the child; then, walking with uncertain steps, she entered the house and sank down in a chair by the open window. Nora, who sat facing the door, was the first to perceive her.

"George!" she exclaimed, "look at your wife!"

He turned, caught sight of her livid face, and going to her took her by the arm and shook her to arouse her. "What is the matter? What have you been doing?" he said roughly.

"I know what she has been doing," cried Nora. "She has been taking something to put herself out of the way, and it will be laid to me;" and actuated partly by this fear, and partly by common humanity, she hurried to her side and took her cold hands.

"What have you done?" she said; and excitement and terror brought tears to her eyes as she spoke.

There was no response; but Nora, with quick intuition, slipped her hand into the pocket in which she had thrust the empty vial.

"Look!" she cried, drawing it out and holding it up; "this tells the story. She will be dead in an hour if we don't do something to save her."

"Dead in an hour! And what will become of the children afterwards?" Some such thought floated dimly through her mind, while Nora, with frantic haste, applied all the remedies at hand. She did not resist the girl's efforts to bring her back to life, even though she was conscious that her husband stood apart, as though indifferent to the result.

At last death was beaten back, and she lay in her bed, conscious, but weaker than an infant; yet even then her husband manifested no interest in her fate. Nora, however, was kind; and Susy watched beside her with unwearied devotion. Before the end of the week she was moving about the house again, trying, for her children's sake, to retain her feeble hold on life. There was a change in the atmosphere of the household, partly because Nora seemed less disposed to make trouble, and partly because Sheldon absented himself from home most of the time.

"If he would only stay away always—he and Nora—we might take a little comfort," Susy said.

In her heart the mother felt the same, and when, without any effort on her part, the family was divided, and she gathered her children under a roof that sheltered her and them alone, she experienced such a sense of relief and thankfulness as she had not known for years.

"Bury your love for your husband! it is the best thing you can do." So a friend had said to her long ago; and now, when love lay in the same grave with hope and happiness, she found peace—the peace of the dead. The time came at last when she could meet and pass the father of her children, not only without any sign of recognition, but without a single pang. Her daughters grew to womanhood, beautiful as their mother had been. Her son became her stay and support, and last of all Baby Maud blossomed into lovely maidenhood, and was wooed by one who had put his hand to the work of undoing the heavy burdens of the victims of priestly tyranny.

"I give her not only to you but to your work," the mother said. "God help you both to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them!"

Will not the reader say "Amen?" Will not every wife and mother pray that "this evil plant, whose roots have wound themselves about altar and hearthstone, and whose branches, like those of the tree *Al Accoub* in Moslem fable, bear every accursed fruit, may be torn up and destroyed forever?"

MIGMA.

Our "Midsummer Offers" to subscribers have proved so remarkably attractive that we have concluded to renew them as long as our stock of premiums lasts. All our "SUBSCRIPTION COMBINATIONS" will be in force until expressly withdrawn by notice in these columns. See advertisement in this number.

THE CONTINENT has always regarded its subscribers as in a sense partners in its publication. Its prosperity is their advantage, since it enables the publishers to make it all the fuller and more complete. Less than a year ago we asked them to give us the advantage of their influence, and as a result our list has increased four-fold. The subscription season is coming on again, and we ask that our subscribers will again bear us in mind. Of course, we do not expect every one to raise a club, but there are certain things that every well-wisher of THE CONTINENT can do:

- 1—Commend it to his friends.
- 2—Call attention to our premiums and combinations.
- 3—Send us a card with a few names of friends whom you think it probable a sample copy might induce to subscribe.

If our friends will do this they will not only win our thanks, but will enable us to make THE CONTINENT still more attractive and valuable to themselves. We are the more encouraged to ask this because our subscriptions are already so numerous as to awaken surprise when we consider the season. Why, in the dog-days, our subscriptions should spring almost to the maximum of last season we should be quite unable to understand, did not every letter from our subscribers assure us that they are actively and earnestly enlisted in our behalf. With their aid we expect to see THE CONTINENT rank with the oldest of its rivals in circulation, as it now does in merit, before the first number of the next volume comes from the press.

"COSMETROPOLIS" is what New York modestly terms itself now. The name is hardly appropriate, so long as it remains the paradise of the snob and the "dude." The cosmetropolis that is to be, the future heart of the world's life, will welcome every fashion and follow none; it will tolerate the notions of all peoples, but be subservient to none; the manners and customs of every land will be familiar to its denizens, but they will neither envy nor imitate. The cosmetropolis—if ever there shall be such a thing—will be too proud to pattern after another or boast of itself.

THE Wilmington (N. C.) *Star* roundly abuses the *Modern Age* because its editor approves "Tourgée's slimy travesties." If he serves every one who agrees with the *Age* in the same way there is "a heap of cussing" before the *Star* man yet. Every time he "turns himself loose," too, he illustrates better than it could possibly be done otherwise, the faithfulness to nature of the books he seeks to malign. We are always glad to give the devil his due, and the quill-driver of the *Star* is simply invaluable to the cause of truth—as an example.

ONE is quite willing to forgive Froude—aye, and to commend him, too—for letting poor, whining, loving Mrs. Carlyle tell her own story of abasement and unheeding neglect on the part of her self-absorbed hus-

band, after reading two still more recent biographies of the cooked variety—one Oliver Cromwell, by Picton, and the other Lord John Lawrence, by R. Bosworth Smith. Both of these are studied apologies for the lives they profess to record. Cromwell, the most gigantic of Englishmen, whether viewed as soldier or statesman, is yet but half known, because those who have sought to measure him could see but one side of his great nature—is ever more in need of a biographer than before. Why does not some American take his life in hand and do for him what Motley has done for the heroes of the Netherlands? John Lawrence is a character not so well known, but where his biographer permits us to see him at all shining strong and grand in his simple straightforward self-reliance and thoroughness. When one has finished the two great volumes intended to do him honor, it is only to sigh over the fact that so half-hearted a coward should have been permitted to besmirch with constant apology so grand a life. By all means, let us have letters and tears and broken idols rather than murdered reputations and noble lives stabbed with daggers ground and whetted by weak-hearted friendlings. Alas, poor Cromwell—poor Sir John!

Ogontz.

THE brazen face of the old Indian chief that looks down on the main hall of the residence that Jay Cooke built to commemorate his financial triumphs, has seen many a notable assemblage within its gray walls, but none more notable and worthy than that which in a few days will gather there. Statesmen, soldiers and all the *élite* of the gay world have thronged the noble corridors and filled the spacious rooms with life and beauty. Laid out upon the day the news of Lee's surrender was flashed along the wires, Ogontz rose as if by magic in a single year, and the warm-hearted owner filled its hundred rooms with guests of whose presence even royalty might well be proud. Wit and beauty, wealth and valor thronged its halls, and some of the most memorable gatherings of that day of wonders—the flush times that followed the close of the war—occurred within its walls.

By-and-by came the deluge—that terrible September—the memory of which still sends a thrill of terror through many thousands of hearts. The great Northern Pacific enterprise was paralyzed. The wealth which had come as a dream vanished as by magic. He whose genius had upheld the finances of the Republic in her crucial hour was crushed in an hour by the stroke of misfortune. Those who had but yesterday exhausted the language of adulation, were now at a loss for words to express their scorn. The millionaire whom the whole land had envied and praised was not safe upon the highway leading from his castle home to the city on the borders of which it stood. Then came the emissaries of the law. The fallen man gave up all that he had. The palace he had builded for his family-seat, the beautiful grounds, the treasures of art and *bric-à-brac* within, all passed into the hands of the Receiver. By-and-by the red flag hung from the window. Curious crowds poured through the halls and up the stairways of this fairest of American mansions. The mob took stock of the great financier's surroundings. The voice of the auctioneer rang out. The tap of his hammer was heard. Those who had been the most subservient friends of the fallen giant laughed loudest

at his misfortunes. After a time Ogontz itself passed under the hammer. Its founder had, in part, recovered his fortunes, and the castle—filled with memories of his happiest days, consecrated alike by joy and sorrow—came again into his hands. It was dismantled, as if an army had camped within its corridors. Only the walls and what pertained to them were left. His family were scattered. Some of them were no more. The widowed man, who had fought through a struggle such as few men could outlive, had regained his palatial home, but the friends who had filled it were scattered to the four winds of heaven. His children had built other homes for themselves. Ogontz was his, but he could not restore the home that had been shattered by the blast of misfortune.

Because of this it is that Ogontz is again refitted—not now as a home, but as a school. In a few days a hundred bright-eyed, light-hearted girls will throng its entrances, loiter along its corridors, dream amid its matchless surroundings, and marvel over the strange vicissitudes of which this mansion, not yet a score of years on its foundations, has been the theatre. As it was peerless among American homes, so is it unrivaled in completeness of equipment as an institution of learning. The brain which carried with ease financial schemes that would have staggered any other, has not forgotten any detail in furnishing it for the purpose it is now to serve. From turret to foundation-stone, nothing has been forgotten. Beds, desks, carpets, pianos, book-cases, closets, pictures, maps—all that is of use and a thousand things that are of luxury hardly ever heard of before in such an institution—are found in lavish abundance in this modern cloister, where the daughters of fortune are to be taught the truths of science amid the surroundings of luxury. It is a wonderful transformation, but the bluff, sturdy man with grizzled beard and bright clear eye who will watch the opening of this newly-housed and royally-provided institution of learning, may well wish that all the wealth he has acquired in the eventful years that mark his life had been as well expended as in building Ogontz. If he can no longer make it a home, he has it in his power to make it an imperishable monument.

The Family Freshman.

IN thousands of homes to-day the mail is anxiously watched for news from the family freshman who is passing through the ordeal of his initiatory weeks at one or another of the almost numberless colleges of the land. He may be at some little struggling Western institution, which is pluckily staggering along under a load of debt, and calling itself a University in large letters, or he may be wrestling with "conditions" in one of the big and old establishments in the Eastern States which is content to call itself simply a college. Everywhere, however, he is a freshman, and has begun to talk of "our class"—the class of '87. Think of it! ye who, twenty and thirty and forty years ago, were looking forward to '67 and '57 and '47 as the years when the goal of undergraduate ambition should be reached. At this season of the year there is many an anxious mother—the fathers take it more easily, though perhaps we ought, after all, to give both parents the benefit of mutual anxiety—many anxious parents, then, who are wondering whether they have done the right thing in sending their boy to college. In general terms, such parents may rest assured that boys are more apt to get good than harm out of a college course. In most cases they will not acquire an alarming amount of erudition. The ones that learn the most will be those who on gradu-

ation realize how little they *do* know, but they will, for the most part, imbibe a great deal that will be of service to them. It is very easy to send a boy to college with the idea of making him a minister or a lawyer or a doctor, but the four years are essentially a formative period, and he may develop a bent for anything or everything excepting the one career on which his parents have set their hearts. That is, after all, precisely what he is sent to college for, and if he finds his specific gravity at a respectable level there is no reason to grudge the expense.

EVERY college class has its fast set, and the worst of them are generally bad enough, in their way, to bring the whole class or college, at one time or another, into some sort of discredit. This fast set is relatively larger, nowadays, as compared with the rest of the college, than it was a generation ago, and this is especially true of the large colleges, where more sons of the very wealthy are thrown together, and the temptation to lavish expenditure is greater than in smaller institutions. It is these reckless young spendthrifts who do more than all the rest of their mates to make sober-minded parents look upon college as a path that leads to destruction. To hear one of them talk about student life fully justifies the belief. We are all apt to think that the rest of the world believes and does much as we do. The man who habitually uses profane language and drinks to excess, and has no sense of honor, not unnaturally believes that the rest of the world does likewise. If this were actually true, society could not hold together for an hour. So it is in a college: if the great majority of the students were not in the main disposed to behave themselves and be reasonably steady and studious, the fabric would fall to pieces of its own weight. You may often hear a party of belated youths going home from a society meeting at midnight, and roaring a rollicking chorus about thinking it perfectly right to get drunk every Saturday night, not one of whom was ever the worse for liquor in the course of his brief career, and all of whom are very probably decent fellows who write home regularly to their mothers and sisters, and would feel ashamed of themselves if led into any flagrant excess.

DIVIDING students in general into two classes—those who enter college because they want to learn, and those who do so because there is nothing else for them to do, those who go to college and those who are sent there—a common conclusion may be predicated concerning them. The one class will take care of itself, and the other will not imbibe half so much harm as it would loafing about with no regular occupation, no stated hours and none of the stimulus toward higher aims which is necessarily in the very atmosphere of an established institution of learning. There must of course be exceptions. Some boys go to the bad through influences encountered in college, but the chances are that they would have found their level even more surely almost anywhere else.

AN inestimable blessing falls to Americans in the fact that when they want to know how to behave they have only to ascertain what the aristocracy of Great Britain does under similar circumstances. It has not heretofore been easy at all times to secure the desired information, but there is now a prospect that the "long-felt want" will be in a measure supplied through a volume entitled "The Letter Writer of Modern Society," By a Member of the Aristocracy. So far as we

know, copies of the volume are not as yet for sale on the news-stands, but copious extracts from its pages have reached us through the mails, and we hasten to give our readers the advantage of the earliest possible information. Perhaps some American may want to make a proposal of marriage to a lady whom he has seen, but to whom he has not been introduced. Apparently the wish is not an uncommon one among "Members of the Aristocracy," for the noble author of the book in question provides no less than three forms intended to meet the exigencies of the case. "I am aware," says the letter of proposal, "that I am taking a very unusual step, but your beauty has inspired me with a sincere affection." Then he asks her frankly if she will have him, and incloses his photograph. Of course two very different answers are possible. The noble author very properly, and with delicate tact, gives precedence to a form of refusal. The imaginary correspondent, who, by the way, figures under the name of Miss Barcombe, is very much surprised at Mr. Lawrence's letter, and says—hard-hearted creature that she is—that she cannot entertain his proposals. She firmly returns his "photo," but tempers the shock by hoping that the impression she appears to have made upon him will prove but a very transitory one. In the second form Miss Barcombe has seemingly fallen a victim at sight to the susceptible Lawrence's manly attractions. She affects surprise, of course, but addresses him as "Dear Sir," and tells him that she has consulted her aunt, and there is no objection to his calling, but she adds diplomatically: "You must not consider this permission to call as an encouragement of your hopes on my part. It is merely an opportunity afforded by my aunt of our becoming acquainted." Bless the old lady! She probably had private information as to the happy Lawrence's bank account.

This matter of proposals by letter is treated at considerable length, and under all the conditions that the imagination of "A Member of the Aristocracy" has been able to conceive. A Mr. Hart, who suspects that a Miss Clarke "is unaware of his matrimonial intentions," writes for her enlightenment. Miss C. replies in different epistles, giving answers suited to all possible frames of mind on the part of the writer, and, in conclusion, begs Mr. Hart to believe her very sincerely his. Farther on, Miss Ethel Armitage pleasantly responds to a gentleman whom she has seen but twice, and who has offered himself by letter: "I am grateful for the affection you apparently feel for me;" but she admits that she does not at the moment reciprocate. Meanwhile she will (her mother consenting) be much pleased to see him. It will thus be seen that the large, growing and influential class of our young men, who are engaged in the cis-Atlantic propagation of English manners and customs may draw inspiration as to the real customs, as it were, from the fountain-head. Of course a "Member" of that noble guild must be familiar with the wants and ways of his peers, and must be a worthy guide for Americans, who are usually ill-bred enough to regard it as very impertinent to address a lady without her permission. This brief summary of "really good form, you know" is especially timely in view of the presence in this country of a number of English lords and ladies. We may know what to expect from them in the way of letter-writing. And should any soft-headed American youth become enamored at sight of Lady So-and-so, he has the authority of "A Member of the Aristocracy" for offering his heart and hand—being careful not to drop his h's—without the empty formality of an introduction.



FROM no woman in the United States would one have more reasonably expected an intelligent picture of Washington life than from Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, editorial reference to whose book has already been made in our pages. The widow of a distinguished United States officer, her birth, training and associations were all in the midst of the best that Washington has to offer. She knew the settled and secluded life of its old and only genuine inhabitants, the permanent element, Southern chiefly in its sympathies, and looking with profound and unconcealed disdain on "Congressmen and those people." The Department life had been known to her for years in all its phases, the title of "Government clerk" hiding many a man unsuccessful in letters or in art, yet bringing all his delicate tastes and mental treasures into a social life no novelist as yet has thought of portraying, perhaps because unconscious that such life exists. But the quiet observer in Washington learns speedily that these homes, when once open to him, hold a charm unknown to any other American city. Elsewhere money rules and will rule. Here, with barely enough for the day's need, every economy the American is supposed incapable of practicing goes on openly, and is often matter of jest and discussion. Entertainment in any ordinary sense is impossible, but there are unpretentious little "at homes," where dress is ignored, and "high thinking" takes the place of high living. The writer knows them well, and holds the knowledge of their existence as an antidote against many misgivings and dark doubts when American society is in question. Has Mrs. Dahlgren never had such experience? There is no trace of it in the crude and snobbish story, "A Washington Winter," which professes to give all sides of Washington life, yet renders nothing faithfully. There is no plot, the initial hints of one being suddenly dropped. The most unsavory actor in the scene is Senator Spangler, a poor copy of Senator Radcliff in "Democracy," Mrs. Wilton being unmistakably Mrs. Dahlgren herself, since that lady's *conversaciones* are one of the features of Washington literary society. The writer has studied Western politicians with interest and curiosity, but has yet to find one who could by any possibility sit for Senator Spangler. There are rough men, scheming men—sometimes brutal men—among them, but never the combination chosen by Mrs. Dahlgren to go out to the world as a representative of American politicians. Their wives are open to criticism. Dress and manners are sometimes of the loudest; but the American woman adapts herself to new conditions with a speed impossible to any other people, and learns the meaning and demands of good society too fully ever to be guilty of the madly-absurd performances chronicled of the Secretary's wife. In no round of calls has Mrs. Dahlgren or anybody else encountered such a woman as she describes "Mrs. Secretary" to be, and the picture will delight the soul of the Englishman, who will im-

(1) A WASHINGTON WINTER. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. 12mo, pp. 247, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

mediately announce in the *Saturday Review*: "Here they are, drawn by their own hand; therefore the truth of the portraiture cannot be disputed!"

"The wife of the first Secretary called upon was gorgeously arrayed in a stunning dress of terra cotta red brocade, profusely furbelowed and trimmed with black Spanish lace; while an extraordinary turban head-dress, surmounted by a plume such as he of Navarre wore, completed the costume, and gave her a very top-lofty air. The day was one of that exceptional loveliness so often enjoyed in a Washington winter; but the glorious sunlight was carefully excluded from this pretentious house. Every shutter was closed; the heavy draperies were all closely drawn, so as to shut out any possible ray of cheerful sunlight. Scores of gas-jets, covered with red shades, were in full blast; and as the front doors were of necessity opened every moment for the ingress and egress of the motley crowd, the effect of the ever-conflicting hues was hideous. An immense negro, with a voice like a Corliss engine, asked the names, and then announced the comers, who were borne in on the blast of sound. As our little party entered the house they were promptly accosted: 'Wot's yer name?'"

"Mrs. Wilton, Miss Wilton, Miss Stevens and Prince Nikolaus Skybeloff." These were no sooner given than the ebony usher bawled out: "Miss Meton, Miss Steves and Prints Niklass Skylark;" upon which Mrs. Secretary at once shook hands all round, exclaiming: "How d'ye do, Miss Metow, Miss Steves and Mr. What's-your-name? This is my little gal Sary."

"Now Sarah, who stood in a straight line on a crack of the floor beside her mother, was taking a look at the world at twelve, and wore a blue silk dress, flounced to her waist, and her hair banged.

"It is pleasant," said Mrs. Wilton, more courteous than candid perhaps, "to have your daughter assist you, madam."

After farther conversation of the same sort the guests take their leave.

"As they gained the welcome fresh air, the Prince exclaimed: 'It is well I am with you, ladies, for otherwise I should need a glossary to explain the idiom.'

"You would need more than a glossary here," replied Mrs. Wilton, "for the woman we have just left illustrates American institutions in all their glory. Her husband first saw her really beautiful arms, it is said, as she stood over a wash-tub with sleeves uprolled, at the door of her father's inn, in Texas. The future Secretary had a large cattle ranch on the Texan plains, and he took the buxom beauty home as his wife, and installed her as mistress over his roomy house. His flocks and herds prospered, and his money sent him to Congress, from whence his stentorian voice lifted him into a Cabinet position, where, as you see, his wife is doing the honors."

There is a picture of General Sherman, which will be familiar to many:

"At that moment the hitherto smooth course of the reel seemed to become agitated as if by some unexpected disturbance, and various lithe dancers were seen flying in and out of their places at odd times; then were heard little shrieks of laughter, and young girls shaking their fans and crying out: 'Oh, General!'"

"What can the flutter mean?" asked Mrs. Wilton, who was somewhat uneasy for Amabel and Stella.

"Just nothing at all," said the Commodore in a snappish way, "of any consequence to divert us from the supper-table. Don't you see, it's only General Sherman, who has taken a hand in the reel, and is cutting an old-fashioned double pigeon-wing, in order and out of order, and insisting on leading out the pretty girls, and they are all in a titter of amusement."

"And sure enough," said Senator Roland, "it is original and also inimitable. The hero of the ball-room!"

"At that moment a grave, rather stolid, but evidently amused looker-on stood near, but so very still and quiet he had not been observed, until the merry Stella, whom General Sherman had just 'turned, out of turn,' appealed to this staid spectator.

"Oh, General Grant, what shall we do with General Sherman? Look at the confusion he makes! Please take him in charge."

"General Grant, thus appealed to, only answered very sedately, but with a twinkle in his eye: 'I can do nothing, Miss Stevens; General Sherman is a Democrat; we will have to let him go.'"

The conversations are peppered with French phrases, and under-bred as pretension can make them, one of the best illustrations of their quality being as follows:

"Mrs. Wilton," said General Garfield, suddenly turning toward her, "how does this grand new house impress you?"

"General, it is too confusing for thought," said she. "It spreads out like a peacock, and we are all overshadowed by the iridescence."

"Come, now," said the General, "that is too clever for this atmosphere. Keep such scintillations for your own delightful *conversations*. Shall we promenade?"

"How can I?"

"Why not?"

"To be sandwiched in the crowd, General?"

"You do not wish to be *one of many*," said he, "yet it is our national motto."

"I cannot, General; I revolt from a crowd. All *crushes* are vulgar, no matter how distinguished their component parts. No drawing-room effect can be splendid when one is elbowed."

"But," asked he, "what if one steadily advances, and works out of the crush?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Wilton, "that is quite another thing: and if you, General Garfield, look fixedly ahead, above and beyond all, there is still to be reached an *ultima thule*."

"Do you think so?" said he with lowered voice and dilated eye; "but where, and how reach it?"

"It lies in the direction of the White House, and is within your grasp," whispered she.

"And—you—think so?" he repeated vaguely, not looking at her, but as if he would search futurity.

"I know so," was the response.

"Then there was silence. Mrs. Wilton took the proffered arm of Senator Roland, who at that moment rejoined them, and General Garfield bade good-night. His excellent wife, with her customary good sense, had preferred to stay at home with the children on that stormy night. Did General Garfield then dream of an *ultima thule*?"

If the mother is stilted and unnatural, what better can be expected of daughter and niece? Senator Roland is more really human than most of the people who come and go; but the book, as a whole, is simply a disjointed, exaggerated picture of something that is called Washington society, and that till a genuinely reasonable and penetrating observer arises will pass as such. We can attend to our enemies, but who shall deliver us from our friends!

THE steady increase of books holds an element of despair for the busy man or woman anxious to keep pace with the world's thought, but finding that all save a fraction must be set aside. The innumerable streams distract attention from the sources, and one not only fails to follow any one thoroughly, but in such following as is attempted has no time left for more than a memory of a literature that is written about but seldom

read. There are numberless surveys of literature, criticisms on poets or essayists, but the writers even are not always as deeply read as one might infer, and the "average reader" for whose use so many dozens of volumes a year are now turned out, has no time for even a thought of the masters. There are a few who follow Emerson's rule and read no book until it is a year old, but even these stand aghast before the array awaiting them, and sigh for a universal condenser, an editor competent to sift out the wheat of the centuries and let the chaff go.

For the poets, it is very certain that such editor has been found in Mr. Thomas Humphrey Ward,¹ whose work is likely to stand as the most comprehensive and appreciative presentation we have had. A paragraph from the preface gives his object more fully than other words can do:

"Our design has not been to present a complete collection of all that may fairly be called masterpieces—if it had been so, the volumes would of necessity have been three times as many as they are. Still less has it been to give a complete history of English poetry—if it had been so, many names that we have passed over would have been admitted. It has been to collect as many of the best and most characteristic of their writings as should fully represent the great poets, and at the same time to admit no one who is poetically considerable. There are writers who were famous in their day, and who played a great part in the history of English literature, but who have faded from public notice and are no longer generally read, men like Sidney and Cowley and Waller. Again, there are writers who never were well known, but who wrote a few beautiful poems, as it were, by accident—men like some of the minor Elizabethans, or Lovelace, or Christopher Smart. We have endeavored to do justice to both these classes; to gather from the former what may serve to explain why they were famous, and from the latter whatever they wrote that is of real poetical excellence."

That the reader will miss favorite poems here and there is inevitable under such limitations, but the collection, as a whole, must stand as the most representative and admirable one ever made, invaluable to the student who wants much in little, and practically all that is needed to form a just idea of English work in this field. A "General Introduction" by Matthew Arnold shows him at his best, and each poet is treated biographically and critically in a notice which precedes the selections made. The four neatly-made volumes are a mine of pleasure, and the price places them within the reach of all.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S "Sheridan," long promised and long delayed, is now ready in the "English Men of Letters Series."

A VIGOROUS controversy over the Shapira manuscript of Deuteronomy resulted in the general conclusion that it was a forgery.

ANOTHER great library is to be scattered. James Crossley, known as antiquary and book-collector, of Manchester, England, left no directions as to his valuable collection, and it comes to the hammer with the rest of his estate.

No one who read the pathetic story of "Vix," by Colonel George E. Waring, has ever forgotten the pretty creature whose doings it chronicled. Its appearance in pamphlet form is very welcome. (25 cents. J. R. Os-good & Co.).

(1) THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with Critical Introductions, by Various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M. A. Vol. I, Chaucer to Donne. Vol. II, Ben Jonson to Dryden. Vol. III, Addison to Blake. Vol. IV, Wordsworth to Sidney Dobell. 12mo, \$4.00. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

A HANDSOME fortune has been made out of the "Dictionnaire des Contemporaines," by its author, M. Vapereau, who was once the private secretary of Victor Cousin, and who now lives very much at his ease, as is the habit of prosperous French authors.

It is positively decided at last that Mr. Matthew Arnold will come to this country in October, and though arrangements for his lecturing are not completed, it is certain that he will lecture, and thus afford an opportunity of hearing one of the most original and brilliant writers of the time.

"A NEWPORT AQUARELLE" will probably stir up as many protests as Mrs. Dahlgren's "A Winter in Washington," as it professes to give a picture of Newport society, and to include well-known members of that most uncertain and undefinable order. The author is said to be Miss Maud Howe, a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

MRS. STOWE is meditating another novel, and has even mentioned the title to an adventurous reporter who sought to discover her opinion of the analytical school. It is to be "Orange Blossoms," and thus hints the probability of an old-fashioned love story, which will be a pleasing change in the fixed order of matters in fiction.

THE second number of the "Topics of the Time," the valuable series lately begun by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is "Studies in Biography," edited by Titus Munson Coan. Of the seven selections made, that on Jonathan Swift, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is of most interest, and the "Correspondance de Georges Sand, 1812-1847," from the *Edinburgh Review*, next. Print and paper are excellent, and the series promises to be one of great value. (Paper, pp. 280, 25 cents).

THE beautiful head of Alphonse Daudet in the August *Century* told its own story, and fortunately, seeing that Mr. James rose above all personal details and left the reader of his article to construct the man for himself. A telling description of him is given by Theodore de Banville, in his "Parisian Cameos," who writes: "The complexion is of a warm pallor; the eyebrows silky and straight; the eyes magnificent, liquid and burning or lost in reverie; the mouth tender and dreamy; the lips almost purple with red; the hair dark brown, soft and very abundant, thrown back carelessly from a broad brow—in a word, the head and face of a poet, proudly masculine, in spite of its effeminate beauty."

IN spite of the fact that the French and other Continental journals sneer at the condition of art in England, certain figures lately given in *The Architect* prove that more publications on art are issued there than in any other country. "Of works concerning art there were in all 886 which appeared last year in Europe. Of these, 311 were in English, 269 in German, and 237 in French. The remaining 49, adds this architectural Briton, in a voice of contempt, represents the efforts of the Italians, Swedes, Danes, and Spaniards. The French will take it ill to be told they are below both English and Germans, and the Paris papers will be sure to say it has something to do with the cholera or the Suez Canal."

THE "English Statesman" is evidently not of the same moral formation as his American contemporary, whose statements at times are not in that strict conformity with existing fact which his position would seem to involve. Nothing of this sort takes place on the other side of the water, where even the traveler, if a statesman, never draws a long bow, as witness a recent notice of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Baxter's "Winter in India," of which it is stated: "Mr Baxter tells his thrilling story in such a pure, simple style that readers of all ages will alike enjoy it. His position as an English statesman is a guarantee of the reliability of its every statement." Standard Library. (Paper, pp. 168, 15 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

THE title of Mr. Hallowell's volume, "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts," may be considered by some a tacit admission of the fact he denies. The Puritans regarded even one Quaker as an invasion, and their attitude from beginning to end was most extraordinary for people who had themselves fled from persecution. Mr. Hallowell, who has studied both sides of the question, seeks "to correct popular fallacies, and to assign to the Quakers their true place in the early history of Massachusetts." He writes with bitterness, but still with restraint. "We are constantly reminded," he says, "that in order to judge the policy and acts of the Puritans fairly we must remember that the colony was settled during the first half of the seventeenth, and not the last half of the nineteenth century. Only superficial criticism will apply the tests of our present civilization to events that occurred two hundred and twenty years ago. That which would be condemned in Boston to-day might have been applauded in Boston in 1660." He demands that the same rule be applied to the Quaker, and adds: "The contrast between Elizabeth Hooten and Lucretia Mott is far less marked than the contrast between Edmund Batter and Nathaniel Very, the present treasurer of the town of Salem." The appendix, which makes up more than half the volume, contains trials, letters while in prison, and other facts relating to Quaker sufferings, which read like "Fox's Book of Martyrs." We are brutal enough still, but there is cause for rejoicing that, for America at least, freedom of conscience can never again mean whipping, branding and torturing of unnamable sorts for tender women and even children. The indictment is not pleasant reading for a New Englander, but it deserves careful attention, the ending being of singular impressiveness: "The mission of the Puritans was almost a complete failure. Their plan of government was repudiated, and was succeeded by wiser political arrangements and more humane laws. Their religion, though it long retained its hold in theory, was replaced by one less bigoted and superstitious. It is now a thing of the past, a mere tradition, an antiquated curiosity. The early Quakers, or some of them, in common with the Puritans, may illustrate some of the least attractive characteristics of their times; but they were abreast, if not in advance, of the foremost advocates of religious and civil freedom. They were more than advocates—they were the pioneers, who, by their heroic fortitude, patient suffering and persistent devotion, rescued the old Bay Colony from the jaws of the certain death to which the narrow and mistaken policy of the bigoted and sometimes insincere founders had doomed it. They forced them to abandon pretentious claims, to admit strangers without insulting them, to tolerate religious differences, and to incorporate into their legislation the spirit of liberty which is now the life-blood of our institutions. The religion of the Society of Friends is still an active force, having its full share of influence upon our civilization. The vital principle—'The Inward Light'—scoffed at and denounced by the Puritans as a delusion, is recognized as a profound spiritual truth by sages and philosophers." (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

THE ART OF ENGLAND. Lectures given in Oxford by John Ruskin. Lectures I and II. 12mo, pp. 33, 50 cents. John Wiley & Co., New York.

THE STORY OF IDA. Epitaph on an Etrurian Tomb. By Francesca Edited, with Preface, by John Ruskin. Boards, 12mo, pp. 94, 50 cents. John Wiley & Co., New York.

VIX. By George Waring. Waring's Horse Stories I. Paper, 25 cents. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES. A Compend of Funeral Addresses. An Aid for Pastors. A Book of Comfort for the Bereaved. Edited by J. Sanderson, D. D. 12mo, pp. 500, \$1.75. E. B. Treat & Co., New York.

A PRAYER AND PROMISE FOR DAYS OF HOLY COMMUNION. Boards, 35 cents. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Piazza Pow-Wows.

Most people who have visited summer hotels have listened to the highly interesting conversation that is usually carried on on the piazzas every evening after dinner—generally between the hours of eight and ten. The women—young and old—furnish at least nine-tenths. These are some fragments of the conversation as taken down by a stenographer:

At a Five-dollar-a-day Hotel.

"Did you meet Mrs. Oilymargarine when you were at Mount Desert? She's real nice, and has lovely diamonds. Her husband told me that she paid seven thousand dollars for them at Whiffany's."

The reply was not caught, owing to the running cross-fire of conversation.

"Oh, yes—In her blue—She's quite stylish—Always bangs her hair in that hideous way—I thought I should have died with laughing—Mr. Van Halfadollar is so very funny—He asked Mamie last night what color the wind was—And then he said something about rose and blue—he! he! he! ha! ha! ha!—Wall Street—Ten thousand dollars—Fifty thousand dollars—A hundred thousand dollars—A million dollars—Pshaw!—Ten dollars a week—Oh, no—Not a cent—She's refused him five times—He's fast—She paints—They owe their washerwoman four hundred dollars—She carried on dreadfully at Newport—They are first cousins of the Van Streetsweepers—He asked me if I had heard what Cornelia Salinehider said about old Mrs. Whiskeytoddy—He gets tight—Never touches a drop—Fond of billiards—Wine-color with ruching—Can't get in society—An English lord—Quite poor and a gambler—Twenty thousand dollars—After his money—After her money—I never buy their cream—A good dressmaker—Very expensive—Can't depend on her—Sent my cook away—They keep a Frenchman—A widow with six children—He ran away with her money—I think he's perfectly horrid—Insanity in the family—Puts his knife in his mouth when he eats—I am disgusted—She is vulgar—He is common—We do not speak—You don't tell me—They give themselves airs—Met them in Rome—My green—Her yellow—Your pink—Their crushed strawberries—Our set—A headache—Go to Dr. Littledose—For my part, I prefer Dr. Chopper—He cured—Malaria—I never bathe—At the hop—Oh, a mere boy—She squints—Flirts with every man she sees—The burglars took her ear-rings—Thought I should have died with fright—He is looking this way—How absurd—He kissed her—She never gets up until dinner-time—Told the most horrid stories about me—We never bow—He was engaged to my sister—I'd like to see him act every night—Heard Patti—The other one—Why, she shrieks."

At a Two-dollar-a-day Hotel.

"Her house and mine is a long ways from each other—The kitchen-boiler busted, and I told her I wouldn't stand none of her impudence—She was his girl long before she taught school—She goes to Sunday-school picnics—He has left her the furniture—Now he is a car-conductor—He don't pay her one cent for board—There are lots of bargains at McRosenbaum's—Bought hats for the children at five cents apiece—He's real mean—He's perfectly elegant—Why, mine cost twice as much as hers—It's the old one, turned—Oh, yes, I tasted sherry wine once—She said she wouldn't go, unless she had a new seal-skin sacque—I asked him if he called himself a gentleman—Sez I, well, some folks may, but I don't, sez I—I won't go if that Mamie Jones goes—She had on that old cambric of her sister's—I had vanilla—I can't bear oyster-stews—She's a mean-spirited thing—Her bracelets ain't real gold—He belongs in a grocery store—Ain't you smart!"—Puck.